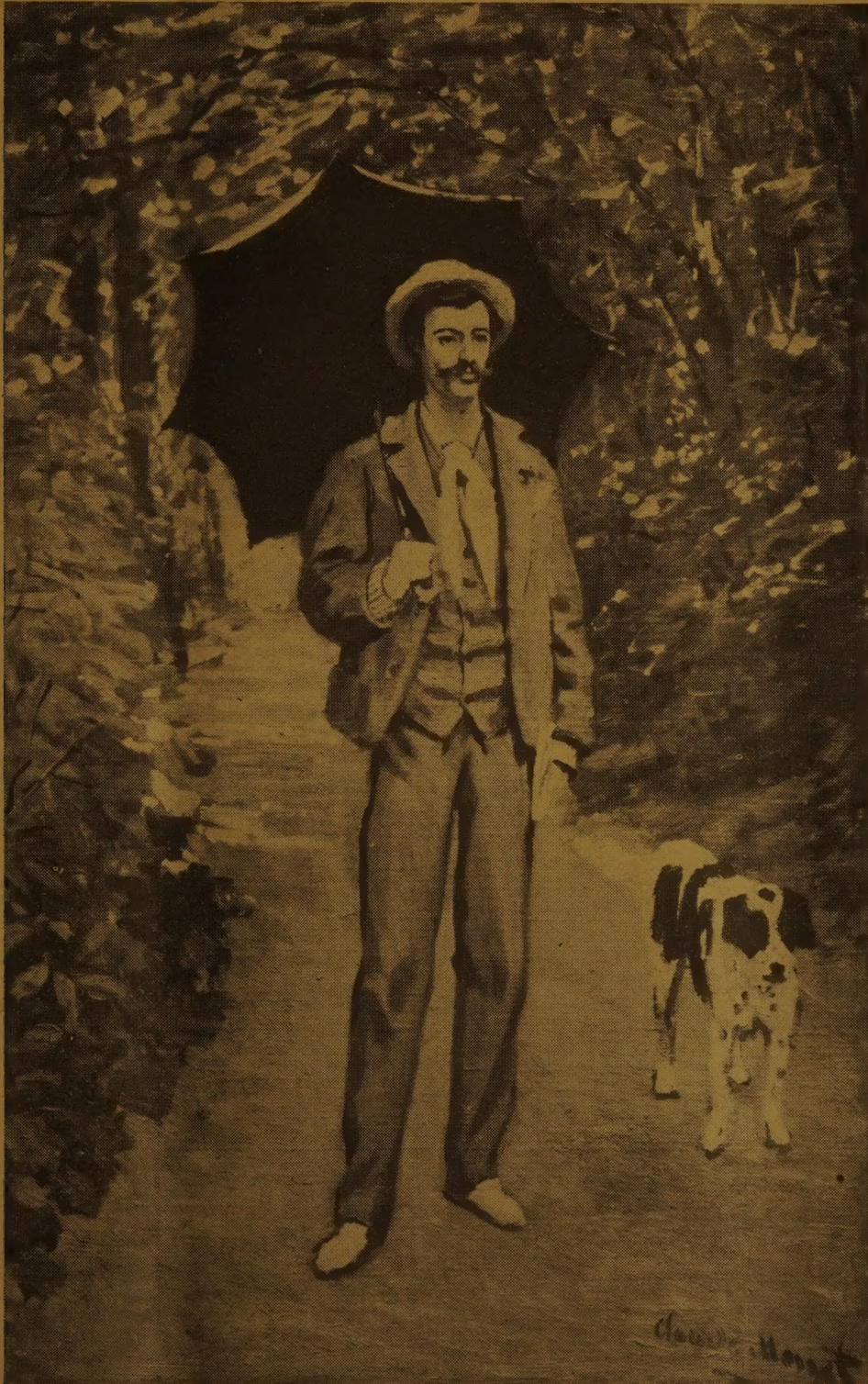


The Listener

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'Portrait of J. F. Jacquemart', from the exhibition of paintings by Claude Monet on view in Edinburgh during the summer festival (see page 318)

In this number:

The Enigma of the Russian Economic System (Ely Devons)
The Quarrel between Gilbert and Sullivan (Hesketh Pearson)
How to Listen to a Ghost Story (G. W. Lambert)

*The man who
will live above his
present circumstances,
is in great danger
of soon living
much beneath them.*

JOSEPH ADDISON

All down the ages, in memorable words, wise men have counselled *thrift*—the sure way of making both ends meet. They had in mind the prosperity of a man and his family. Today, for lack of thriftiness, it is the well-being of our whole community which is at stake.

No words of ours could add anything to the Government's repeated appeals to spend less and save more. But it is well that of the many modes of saving available to the public none should be neglected for want of a timely reminder. An account at Lloyds Bank is one of them.

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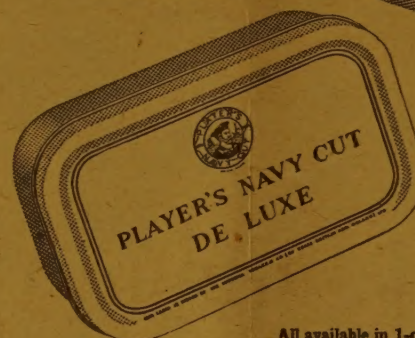


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Vol. LVIII. No. 1483

Thursday August 29 1957

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A New British Approach to Europe?

By ANDREW SHONFIELD

THERE is a strong impression at the moment that the Government is in process of re-thinking its whole approach to the European Free Trade Area. It is hard to say exactly how this impression has been formed; I do not think I could prove, against anyone who was determined to deny it, that the Government has changed its mind in any way. My evidence rests on that elusive thing, the climate of opinion. Perhaps the surest sign that something is going on is the noise of those who regard themselves as the potential victims of the change, crying out before they are hurt. There is a regular gnashing of teeth by the *Daily Express* over the fate of the British farmers on the one hand and of the British Commonwealth on the other, all based on the supposition that the Government should decide to move into closer accord with the natives on the other side of the Channel. This is the characteristic sound which has accompanied the process of re-thinking.

But the circumstantial evidence, which would have led one to suppose that a change was about to occur, even without the aid of these noises off, is the fact that the Government's previous policy on Europe had by the middle of this summer come to a dead end. The original plan, which was presented at the beginning of this year, seems to have been based on the notion that the European nations would be so delighted at the British decision to join them in the new venture that they would be ready to accept almost any terms that we were prepared to offer. As the months passed by, it became depressingly clear that no such surge of European delight was going to carry the British plan forward with it. On the contrary, it was found that not a single one of the nations of western Europe was willing to accept the essential feature of the British plan—the total exclusion of agricultural produce from the operation of the Free Trade rules.

It is a curious fact that the British proposals, which might have been expected to make people on the Continent feel more favourably disposed towards Britain, have, at any rate in the short run, had precisely the opposite effect. As the six nations

who started the whole business of a European Common Market went ahead with their treaty and then, during the summer, piloted it successfully through their respective parliaments to final ratification, the suspicion against Britain seemed to harden. The reason is not far to seek. Britain, standing on the periphery of these activities of the pioneers of the Common Market, seemed to be insisting a little too emphatically that the treaty was only a kind of provisional document, providing the basis for negotiation on the bigger issue later on. This is not how the enthusiasts for close European integration among the six regard it. They see Britain climbing somewhat belatedly on to their band-wagon, and trying to do so on the cheap.

The situation was not helped by the continued and open insistence on the part of the British Government that it was only concerned with the business at all because of the danger to British industry of being left out. This may have been a good line for selling the scheme to British industrialists, but it was a poor line for selling Britain abroad. Several of the nations in the European Common Market had made considerable concessions—mainly to France—on strictly non-commercial grounds. They were interested in achieving the larger objective of European integration, and were willing to make sacrifices of short-term advantage to this end. Britain meanwhile was insisting that she would have nothing to do with these new European institutions, like the European Social Fund, which were supposed to lead to a grand collective effort of an entirely fresh kind, that she was only interested in the formal business of cutting down tariffs.

Finally, it became clear that many of the fears about the possible effects of European competition on trade in agricultural produce were not shared by the Commonwealth to anything like the extent that had been imagined. No country is anxious to throw away any special trading advantage that it has in its hands, whether it is a tariff preference or some other device; but the Commonwealth countries have gone out of their way to make it clear that they do not regard the existing preferences as making a

decisive difference one way or another. On the other side, Britain has turned down the requests that have been made by both Australia and New Zealand for a reinforcement of their privileged trading position in the British market by putting quota restrictions on imports from other sources. The truth is that no one now seriously considers the development of an imperial trading bloc as a possible alternative to the European system.

What has emerged so far from Commonwealth discussions on this subject is a feeling that imperial preference as a matter of principle is not a big enough matter to stand in the way of any fresh bargain that Britain might want to strike with Europe over the Common Market. The important issue for the Commonwealth is the preferential treatment in the British market accorded to the few specific products. So long as these were secured, there would be no objection to Britain negotiating on trade in agricultural produce inside a European Free Trade Area. Equally, it appears that the European countries themselves would readily recognise the special Commonwealth interest in a number of named products.

The main difficulty all along has been the British desire for a blanket exclusion of the whole subject of trade in agriculture from the European system. This, it is felt on the Continent, is less to do with the Commonwealth than with the British Government's desire to be tender with its own farming interests. Since the continental countries have somehow managed to square their much bigger farming groups, they do not see why Britain should not make the same effort. Indeed it is here that some movement

from the initial rigid position adopted by Britain will have to take place, if the discussions on the European Free Trade Area are to move forward smoothly again in the autumn.

But the problem, as I see it, is less about the exact form of such a concession than about the spirit in which it is made. The real cause of the difficulties which have arisen in the latest phase of the negotiations on the Free Trade Area is the feeling on the Continent that Britain is insufficiently interested in the essential task of 'making Europe'. The point comes out clearly, if one compares the treatment of France and Britain. The French are allowed to demand and obtain a series of extraordinary privileges in the European Common Market; and it is all tolerated by the others, because the more she gets the more insistently France proclaims herself 'a good European'—concerned with the creation of a closely integrated European economy as an end in itself.

Britain, on the other hand, goes out of her way to insist that she is not: that this is a purely practical venture, designed to prevent British industry from being harmed by a get-together on the Continent. The result is that the important British contributions to Europe are disregarded; only the attitude behind them is observed. In the end Britain gets all the kicks and none of the kudos. The truth is that this is a case where words count at least as much as deeds. And perhaps the most important task for Mr. Reginald Maudling, the Minister who has now been put in charge of the trade negotiations with Europe, is going to be to find the right words.—*General Overseas Service*

The British Soldier of Tomorrow

By Lieut.-General SIR BRIAN HORROCKS

THE British soldier of the future has got to be a man of many parts. He will not only have to be a technician; he will also have to be, to a large extent, a poacher as well. It will not be easy to combine the qualities of technician and poacher in one person; but it will have to be done.

He must obviously be a technician because of the increasing number of complicated weapons and machines which he will be called upon to handle. Even though we are approaching more and more an age of push-button warfare, it is still a man who has to keep all this complicated equipment in working order and it is still a man who must push the button. The introduction of guided missiles, which might ultimately go right down to the battalion level, is just one example of what I mean. Let me give you another: in the United States they are now carrying out experiments with 'air cavalry' to replace the ordinary forward reconnaissance troops. A couple of men arrive with a Land Rover or modern jeep towing a trailer, out of which is pulled a collapsible aircraft. This is inflated mechanically and off flies one man to carry out reconnaissance possibly to a depth of fifty to sixty miles at tree-top height. On return the aeroplane is deflated, put back on the trailer, and off they go. A dozen or so outfits like this could search a wide area very quickly indeed.

This increased technical training will present something of a problem in our wholly regular army of the future because hitherto the bulk of the technical trades has been filled by National Servicemen, deferred apprentices, and people like that. But the problem is not insoluble because the young man of today is naturally technically minded, and provided the instruction in these subjects is made interesting and palatable he will lap it up as a kitten laps up milk.

But where great skill will be required is to produce from our population of city dwellers the man with the mentality of an expert poacher; the type of man who is entirely self-reliant and full of initiative, able to live hard and look after himself by day and by night, who can read a piece of country like a book, and is equally at home in charge of a road block in Cyprus where he has the difficult task of searching unfriendly inhabitants for hidden arms. Nobody knows better how to conceal game about his person than does a poacher; or how to clear the streets of some

foreign town filled with hostile demonstrators without losing his head or getting angry.

Our soldier of the future may be called upon to operate in the jungle, the desert, or the mountains. He will be flown rapidly from one part of the world to another, each with an entirely different climate, acting in fact as part of a military fire brigade to prevent some local conflagration spreading to a large-scale fire; and, as the whole essence of fire-brigade work is speed, there will be no time for any special training to deal with particular local conditions. Finally, if the worst comes to the worst, and as the lowest priority of all, he must be prepared to operate on a battlefield dominated by tactical atomic weapons.

This sort of battlefield will be a very empty place indeed, with small bodies of men working independently on their own: because it will be the primary object of all commanders to avoid presenting their opponents with any concentration which might prove a suitable target for an atomic missile. It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that the forward troops of our armies of the future might well be two young men, operating miles behind the enemy's front, whose sole job it is to place some homing beacon close to an enemy target, and this might be answered by a rocket fired from a submarine.

That is what I mean by the poacher mentality: the type of man with a gleam in his eye and in excellent physical condition. How are we to get these men?

The first essential is to capture and keep the interest of the soldier from the moment he joins up. This is not as easy as it sounds because the modern young man gets bored quickly. But it can be done, provided the training is planned with imagination. Let me give two examples of what I mean.

After the war, in Western Command where I happened to be G.O.C., there were something like eighteen centres where the young National Servicemen used to come for their initial training on call up. They usually arrived looking depressed and fed up. No doubt the elder brother had painted a grim picture of what awaited them: sergeant-majors who poured out flame every time they opened their mouths: livery old Colonel Blimps, and so on.

I used to insist that these young recruits should be taken out into the Welsh or Westmorland mountains the day after they

arrived. There they would fire all the different weapons with which the infantry is armed. They had no idea how these weapons worked, but they could feel the kick of an automatic and their interest was aroused. I am a great believer in running before you can walk when it comes to training. As soon as it got dark the recruits were formed up and told that some prisoners had escaped and were known to be hiding in this particular mountainous area (the prisoners were represented by some N.C.O.s dressed up) and it was their job to round them up. The men were also told to select their own leaders: it was interesting to see whom they chose. All night they would be on the move.

I remember on one occasion the C.O. of the depot being 'ticked off' by one of the boys for leaving his car unlocked and complete with ignition key, because it could have been used for a get-away by the prisoners. The C.O. was delighted. In the morning they were given some uncooked food and told that it was not quite up to the standard of what they got at home but it was all they were going to get, and they had to prepare it for themselves. Later on, after twenty-four hours out in the mountains, tired, wet, probably hungry and with sore feet, they marched several miles back to camp.

But—and this is the point—their heads were up: they felt tough. The Army was obviously a tough place where no weakling could possibly survive. This is a better start than hours marching about a square. I used to find that within twenty-four hours the whole atmosphere of the training centre would change. In some curious way they looked different; there was a gleam in their eyes.

Let me give just one more example of what I mean. During the war, when I was commanding the 44th Division in south-east England, we received a large draft of men who had been called up. They were the cream of the country's manhood, round about thirty years old. Most of them had their own businesses or had moved some way up the promotion ladder in their civilian jobs. It is very unusual for an operational division to have recruits straight from 'civvy street' and be responsible for their initial training. But it was a wonderful chance to get away from the rigid sequence of training as laid down in the book; and we took it with both hands.

Their first afternoon—they had only arrived that morning—they were given shovels, taken to a field and told that machine guns were going to fire live ammunition over it in two hours time, and they had that period in which to dig holes for themselves. I have never seen men on training dig so hard. The machine guns did open up and they heard the ping of small arms bullets over their heads. They thus learned on their first afternoon one of the primary lessons of an infantryman: if you want to live you have to dig.

Within twenty-four hours they were out on night exercises; most of them got lost, but they then realised the necessity for control. After they had been with us a month I collected them all in a hall by themselves—no officers or N.C.O.s were present—and asked them whether the Army was better or worse than they had expected. There was a shout of 'Much better!' When I asked why, they replied: 'Because it is so much more interesting'.

This sort of thing is very hard for the officers and instructors, because they always have to be thinking of something new, so that the trainees never know what is coming next—they are kept on the jump. It cannot therefore go on all the time or everyone will get stale. Furthermore the troops must learn how to handle the weapons with which they are



The 'Corporal' guided missile being raised on to its launching platform: the carrying vehicle is just about to be driven away

armed. The signaller, the mechanic, the pioneer and all the technicians whom I mentioned earlier must learn the details of their trade.

All too often this is terribly dull stuff. How often have I gone round and found a squad bored stiff, their minds miles away, sitting round some instructor who is long-windedly describing a part of some weapon. I used to butt in on these occasions and ask the troops to select the best man in the squad at, say, stripping the L.M.G. Nearly always two different men were nominated. 'Are you prepared to back your choice?' I would ask. By this time interest was revived and the two competitors would be encouraged vociferously by their supporters. I have never understood why all this sort of training should not be carried out on a competitive basis.

If you are going to maintain interest you must have tough, interesting field training interspersed with periods of individual weapon and technical training all taught on a competitive basis.

We come to the vexed question of drill. I say 'vexed' because some of the officers from foreign armies who have visited the United Kingdom criticise us for spending too much time on drill: and I agree with them. Nothing can kill initiative and bore men quicker than long periods of uninspired drill. Whenever I asked a soldier what part of his training he hated most I always got the same answer: 'Square bashing, sir'. I know very well that I shall receive indignant letters from my



British troops searching villagers for arms during recent operations against terrorists in the mountains of Cyprus

contemporaries saying: 'What a pity you are now senile. Don't you realise that drill and plenty of it is the basis of corporate discipline and of *esprit de corps*?' I don't believe it. Close-order drill is a relic of the past when troops fought shoulder to shoulder; but we have advanced a long way since Waterloo.

I don't say that drill is not necessary. Of course it is: but just sufficient to enable troops to be moved about in an orderly and smart manner. Short sharp periods, if possible to music, will soon produce a smart unit, because all the men will be trying. On the ordinary drill parade half the men are moving almost mechanically, thinking of something entirely different.

The young officer of the future must be worldly wise, and the more he can be encouraged to learn about how other people live, and above all think, in those territories where he may ultimately be called upon to operate, the more efficient he will be when the time comes.

Finally, one brief word about that last priority which I mentioned—the battlefield, in a major war dominated by tactical atomic weapons. Our senior commander of the future must be

a very able man indeed because he can now exert great personal influence on the battle; in a split second he can launch one missile which will be the equivalent of many thousands of tons of T.N.T., and under him will be no static battlefield but highly mobile forces spread over wide areas. We are returning to the days of the great captains of war—of the Hannibals and Napoleons, in fact. *Le bon général ordinaire* has had his day. Heaven forbid that we should ever be faced with this type of war but, if we are, the armies commanded by the general with a touch of genius will most surely win the day.

When I was asked to give this talk I decided not to refer to the War Office at all, so I have no idea whether this is the sort of training which goes on in the Army today or not. I have merely tried to give my own views on the subject, for what they are worth. May I end by sounding a note of warning? It is on the subject of tradition, which unfortunately is often used as a cloak to cover a multitude of sins. Tradition is a wonderful thing if it is kept bright and burnished. But one efficient commanding officer is worth a ton of tradition with 'mould' on it.—*Home Service*

Enigma of the Russian Economic System

By ELY DEVONS

THE working of the Russian economic system is an enigma. There has been a great deal of theoretical discussion about the nature of the planned economy; much comment on Russian five-year plans; courageous attempts to make sense of Russian statistics; and elaborate scrutiny of the ever-changing rules, regulations, and formal organisation. But there has been little analysis of how the system actually works in practice. Most academic economic discussion in Russia is written in ideological jargon, full of abstruse argument about dogma, but almost completely unrelated to actual economic behaviour; and the Russian managers and administrators who have been running the economy have written remarkably little about their own methods and experience.

Yet it is of the greatest importance that we should understand how the Russian economy works. Apart from its intrinsic fascination, it is politically important that we should understand how far, and in what respects, Russia and the West are divided by essential differences in the way in which they run their economic affairs: and those countries which think of taking the Russian system as their model should appreciate more realistically what it is they are copying. For them to assume that Russian practice corresponds closely to the myths and ideology of Russian economic planning may well lead them to disaster.

I am no expert on Russia. All I know about the working of the system is at second-hand. But the more I read and hear about the Soviet economic administration, the more I feel that the essential basis of the system can be understood in terms of our own economic experience. There are many aspects of our own experience which should give us an insight into what goes on in Russia. The way in which our economy was run during the war; the government's attempts to control and co-ordinate investment in peacetime; the administrative problems of running large firms, both privately and publicly owned, all have close parallels in crucial aspects of the working of the Russian economy. We have used this experience far too little in trying to understand Russia. It has been too readily taken for granted that the Russian system is radically different from anything that we have ever known. It has been assumed that, through the surrender of political freedom as we understand it, Russia has been able to run her economy in a way which corresponds closely to the theoretical models of a planned economy.

The basic operational unit in Russia, as in the West, is the firm. When one reads about the behaviour and problems of the firm in Russia, what is striking is the similarity, not the contrast, with the problems and behaviour of firms in England or the United States. The Russian firm may get its finance, especially

its finance for expansion, in a different way, and is subject to different and more frequent interventions from outside controlling authorities; but the administrative problems of running the firm itself are much the same as here. The similarities are particularly striking for the large-scale units. The large Russian combines, and firms such as General Motors or United Steel in America, I.C.I. or the nationalised boards in this country, have many problems in common. Ownership makes little difference to the fundamental administrative problem of running large-scale units, as the reports of the Fleck and Herbert Committees on the nationalised coal and electricity industries demonstrate. Much of what is written about business administration and organisation in the West has striking parallels in discussion in Russia.

But, it will be argued, the Russian firm is controlled and guided by instructions from higher planning authorities—the Ministries, the Supreme Economic Council, and Gosplan. These authorities, it is said, decide what the firms shall produce, and the firms' activities are largely determined by what is arranged for them in co-ordinated yearly, or longer-term, five-yearly plans. But the way in which this planning and co-ordination works is in my view usually misunderstood. The formal administrative procedures by which these plans are drawn up are often mistakenly taken as providing the clue to the essential working of the system. The usual picture of planning in Russia is roughly as follows. At the beginning of each yearly or five-yearly planning period the supreme authorities lay down the general objectives to be achieved during the next planning period. These general instructions are passed down the administrative hierarchy through the Ministries to the firms, who then draw up their detailed proposals for production with accompanying statements of what they will need in labour, materials, machinery, etc., in order to achieve their targets. The firms' plans are then passed back up the hierarchy, and are progressively amalgamated and co-ordinated at each level until they reach Gosplan and the Supreme Economic Council. Here they are further examined, reconciled, appropriately amended, and given final approval. In this final form they are passed back down the same channels again, to be broken down progressively until they become final plans for the individual firms. The firms then take these as the operative instructions for production during the ensuing period; and contracts are made between Ministries and firms in accordance with these plans.

But in the explanation of this procedure that I have read or heard, no detailed information is given of what this co-ordination, amalgamation, and reconciliation consists of, as the plans and counter-plans move up and down the administrative hierarchy in this way. Usually there is little more than a statement that

the supreme economic authorities decide on what should be the broad division between consumption and investment. But such broad decisions are of little interest to the individual firms, and though of substantial political and social importance, are not significant for the crucial complex problem of fitting together in a coherent pattern the production plans of thousands of separate units. This is the essential problem of economic administration: how to fit together, for example, in their complex variety of quantity and quality the wide range of goods to be produced by the firms in the metal producing, engineering, and machine tool industries. The idea that the plans of the separate firms in each of these industries can be reconciled and appropriately adjusted in detail by passing them once up and down the planning hierarchy is fantastic. We were never able to do anything like this during the war, and there is no shred of evidence that the Russians have discovered some wonderful new analytical and administrative technique for dealing with this problem. The Russians apparently are uninterested in elaborate input-output analysis.

Continuous Negotiation between Firms

In my view this crucial aspect of co-ordination—the dovetailing of the details of production—is achieved in practice by continuous interaction and negotiation between the producing firms themselves, and between the firms and Ministries and other organisations which place the contracts for the final products whether for private or government use. There is evidence to support this view in what is written about Russia, and it fits in with our own war-time experience of how a so-called planned system works. There are many stories of how these relations, both legal and illegal, operate between the firms in Russia. It is significant that the authorities turn a blind eye to illegal relations, such as black market operations and barter deals, as long as these lead to successful production. The whole complex of these relations is made respectable in the planning jargon by talking of operating on the principle of 'democratic centralism' or combining 'centralised planning' with 'decentralised operational functions'.

In Russia, with no highly developed market and price system, these interrelations between the activities of different firms proceed in a crude way, and often the individual firm or Ministry tries to escape from the risks of relying on other firms or Ministries by extending its own range of activities. Firms and Ministries set up their own building departments, machine tool shops, etc. This again is a phenomenon familiar to us from the war, and even in peacetime there is a constant temptation for the large firm, especially in times of high overall demand, to try to free itself from the risks of relying on uncertain supplies and services from outside. The great danger is that if this practice becomes widespread the advantages of specialisation are sacrificed. The Russians clearly recognise the danger and have repeatedly criticised the tendency for the mammoth combines and separate Ministries to try to reduce their dependence on the rest of the economy.

It is because the Russian firms over the course of years have spontaneously developed an intricate web of connections, both legal and illegal, with each other, and have set up their own departments for supply and services where the risks of reliance on others seems too great, that the system works. This, rather than the co-ordination of production from a single planning centre, fits the pieces of the jig-saw together.

Wherein, then, consists the planning by the controlling Ministries and other planning authorities? For without doubt there is plenty of interference and control by these authorities. Again interpreting what is written and said about Russia against the background of our own experience, especially during the war, I would pick out the following as the crucial features of this planning and control. The Ministries exercise substantial power over the firms when they place contracts for finished products; clearly the activities of the engineering industry, in Russia perhaps even more than in this country and in the United States, must be determined to a substantial degree by orders for armaments. Projects for major expansion, either in existing firms or entirely new firms, must be closely controlled and progressed by the Ministries and planning authorities. Relations between overall

supplies and requirements for basic materials such as coal, steel, electricity, cement, oil and non-ferrous metals receive a great deal of attention. In the Russian planning jargon these are referred to as the key material balances. Lastly, the higher administrative authorities exercise considerable authority through their power to appoint and sack the directors of the firms.

Argument about the direction, scale financing, and location of new projects and about the availability of basic material supplies must go on continuously between the firms (especially the few hundred big ones), the Ministries and the various planning authorities. No doubt this rises to a crescendo when a new five-year plan is being prepared. And at every stage broad statistical pictures are compiled or concocted showing how the various projects and plans fit together, just as they are now in this country in discussions on future plans for coal, electricity, oil and atomic energy. But I suggest that it is a mistake to think of the reconciliation between all these plans and projects as taking place in one grand act of analysis at the highest level. The reconciliation and co-ordination, such as it is, can more realistically be thought of as emerging from the continuous jostling of different Ministries and planning boards, each arguing for its own particular schemes and pressing the needs of the particular sectors for which it is responsible. Planning is a process of continuous negotiation, with readjustment of plans and projects taking place through administrative pressure and counter-pressure.

There is another kind of control and intervention from above. Instructions to improve quality, to adopt improved techniques of production, to economise in the use of scarce materials, to speed up the delivery of priority items seem to descend on the firms in an unending stream from higher administrative organs. And there is a continuous demand for reports and statistics on these and other aspects of the firms' plans and activities. These instructions, demands, and inquisitions may come from different levels in the hierarchy, from different Ministries and planning authorities, or from the various party organisations. Consequently they are often contradictory, but the astute director of the firm knows which to ignore and which to take seriously, and realises how important it is to make the right contacts in the Ministries themselves. How familiar all this would be to a British business man recalling his dealings with Whitehall during the war, or to one in charge of an aircraft firm today!

Greater Autonomy

The Russians have learnt by experience that you cannot have responsible and efficient action at the level of the firm with continuous intervention and instruction from numerous outside authorities. Conflicting instructions from outside give the manager innumerable excuses for failure, and waste and inefficiency may result from a serious attempt to run the firm from a distance. Every argument for delegation, decentralisation, and devolution used in discussions about business administration in the west is echoed, although in a different jargon, in Russia. And the case for such devolution has been pressed with increasing emphasis as Russian industry has grown and become more complex. More and more, the Russians are adopting methods which give the firm greater autonomy in its operations. In practice this means giving greater scope to prices and costs and less emphasis on detailed administrative control; judging performance more in terms of profits instead of physical indicators. Russian planners would no doubt claim that prices, costs, and profits have a different significance in a socialist economy from that in a capitalist one; but when, for example, they argue that the best way to induce firms to produce the more difficult and costly varieties of products is to put up the price and profit margin for these, the argument has a familiar ring to capitalist ears.

The recent Khrushchev reform aiming at regional planning has been widely interpreted as another move towards greater autonomy for the firm. The arguments for regional decentralisation in Russia remind me of the arguments for regional boards in this country during the war. Such a move is just as likely to be a failure in Russia as it was here, if it is really expected to result in effective co-ordination and planning on a regional rather than a national basis. I see the Russian system as a complex combination of guided interaction through administrative adjustment and

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The Listener

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the events in Syria

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$7.50, including postage. Special rate for two years \$12.50; for three years \$17.00. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

Mysterious Matters

MOST children are interested in ghost stories. So too, though they might not always admit it, are most grown-ups—only with them the sphere of interest is often enlarged so as to include the ground covered by what is known as psychical research. Here, one fancies, the interest sub-divides itself—between those on the one hand who want to believe what they are told and short of overwhelming proof to the contrary are determined to do so; and those on the other whose scepticism is such that even in face of what seems like certain proof they prefer to reserve their opinion. Nevertheless there do seem to be occasions when even the most dyed-in-the-wool sceptic has to admit that there are certain phenomena which appear to defy rational explanation. The surprising thing, when one comes to think of it, is that this fact should itself be considered altogether surprising. The behaviour of human beings sometimes defies rational explanation. May the laws of nature never take time off for a frolic? Is it any wonder that ghosts, for example, should behave inconsequentially?

All the same it is disappointing that one can comprehend so little of these matters. 'For seventy-five years', says Mr. G. W. Lambert, President of the Society for Psychical Research, in a talk about ghosts which appears in our columns this week, 'the Society for Psychical Research has been collecting and examining stories about uncanny events and has found that they are liable to mistakes due to faulty memory, and to distortion due to wishful thinking, to an extent that many people underestimate'. And even when strange phenomena seem to stand up to examination, to be genuine and unexplainable, many of them do not—if the expression be allowed—add up to very much. One recalls accounts of 'messages' that have been received purporting to come from the dead—messages that indeed have borne the imprint of truth but, alas, have been strangely devoid of any real significance. But there is no argument here against the continuation of experimental work in a field evidently productive of much that is obscure and unaccountable.

That something has been achieved there is no doubt. As Mr. S. G. Soal observed in his Myers Memorial Lecture delivered ten years ago now:

It is as if, during the past sixty or seventy years, at uncertain intervals curious pieces of ore unknown to science have come hurtling into the yard from outer space. These missiles have been picked up by Psychical Researchers, scrutinised and placed in various heaps labelled Telepathy, Clairvoyance, Precognitive Dreams, Apparitions of the Dead, Telekinetic Phenomena and so on. On examination some of the objects have proved to be not from outer space but counterfeits of mundane origin—pieces of common material which might have been flung over the wall by some mischievous boy. But though certain of the specimens may be spurious there is every reason to believe that a large majority are genuine.

And now in 1957 we have Mr. Lambert talking to us about 'genuine' ghosts and saying that 'though some people owing to the theoretical difficulties involved are not prepared to admit that cases of the kind ever occur, there is strong evidence that they do'. These are indeed mysterious matters. But then life itself is—not to overstate the case—something of a mystery.

THE SITUATION in Syria attracted widespread comment. On August 24, the C.-in-C. of the Syrian Army accused the Lebanese authorities of 'fomenting criminal and subversive activities' in Syria. He said that relations between Syria and the Lebanon could be improved once it was realised that Zionism and imperialism, and not Communism, were the immediate threat. According to him, Syria's attitude was one of 'non-alignment' with either Communism or capitalism. A Jordan broadcast spoke of the folly of the Syrian claim that the Soviet Government had been generous to Syria, when one recalled the fate of East European countries, who had likewise received Soviet loans:

They became tied to the Communist wheel by misfortune, and not, as in Syria's case, by the folly of their leaders.

The Jordan broadcast added that unfortunately Russia had at last got the chance to realise her long ambition to infiltrate in the Middle East. But most Syrians did not approve 'the crime committed in their name'.

Cairo broadcasts spoke of a western plot 'against not only Syria . . . but Arab nationalism', a plot which this time 'seems to be an armed one'. The Egyptian press was quoted as warning Mr. Dulles that if he sought to involve America—

in an action such as that in which Eden involved Britain, he will be committing the rashest enormity ever known to mankind, because this would mean the outbreak of an atomic and hydrogen war. . . . We hope that America has not forgotten that the Arab people are now eager to face the decisive battle against imperialism and Zionism, and that the Arabs have means which they will use when the time is ripe.

A Cairo broadcast reviewing Arab press opinion said that the Arabs, refusing to accept Israel's existence, were conscious of their need for arms. The Arab saw the Soviet Union supply him with arms, while the United States merely advocated an arms balance between 1,000,000 Jews and 50,000,000 Arabs. The broadcast concluded:

If the U.S.A. persists in its policy, the Arab-Soviet rapprochement will deepen daily and then the U.S.A. will be forced to kindle the fire of a third world war. . . . and we shall see the fulfilment of the prophecy that the creation of the State of Israel will mean the end of the world.

Moscow broadcasts to Britain and the United States described as 'eye-wash' all talk about a Soviet threat to Syria and 'Communist penetration'. The Soviet Union was 'popular' in the Middle East because its policy was 'disinterested':

It is built on respect for the national sovereignty of the Arab countries, on non-interference in their domestic affairs.

The Soviet statement on Oman was broadcast three times in full in Arabic, and given wide publicity in other Moscow broadcasts. After speaking of Britain's 'inhuman methods' of trying to break the 'will to fight for independence', it said the British had not learned the lesson of the failure of their 'military gamble' against Egypt. The operations in Oman could be linked, under the heading of the Eisenhower doctrine, with

the reactionary coup in Jordan, anti-government plots in Syria and Egypt, and provocations against the Arab countries by extremist Israeli circles.

From the United States the *Philadelphia Inquirer* was quoted for the following comment on the Arabs' request for the U.N. to discuss British 'armed aggression' in Oman:

It so happens that last November the United Nations Assembly voted on a resolution 'to investigate the situation caused by foreign intervention in Hungary'. Soviet tanks and troops had been mowing down the Hungarians. Now let us ask where were the Arab nations when the U.N. resolution came to a vote? What did they do to support an investigation of Soviet aggression? Egypt abstained, Iraq abstained, Libya abstained, Saudi Arabia abstained, Syria abstained, Yemen abstained, Jordan abstained, Lebanon was 'absent'. Not one of those countries had the courage to stand up and be counted when it came to dealing with Soviet aggression in Hungary. Not one! So what on earth do they expect the U.N. to do now?

Did You Hear That?

EVANS OF THE 'BROKE'

LORD MOUNTEVANS ('Evans of the *Broke*') died at his home in Norway on August 20. Speaking of him in 'Radio Newsreel', REAR-ADMIRAL ANGUS NICHOLL said:

'You had only to meet Evans to realise the type of man he was. From his earliest years, to use his own words, he resented interference; he always found it irksome to do a routine job. As a rule, people with those characteristics do not get far in a service like the Navy, but when you have Evans' love of adventure, his initiative, cheerfulness, and brilliant capabilities at the same time, you get on all right.

'Evans was attracted to polar exploration at an early age. He was only twenty when he volunteered for Captain Scott's expedition to the Antarctic in 1902; seven years later he went as Scott's second in command in the famous expedition to the South Pole, and he took charge after Scott tragically lost his life.

'The action which will always be connected with his name was fought in the Straits of Dover in 1917. Two of our destroyers, the *Broke* with Evans in command, and the *Swift*, met six German destroyers in pitch darkness. It was a situation demanding quick thinking and quick action, and in a matter of seconds the *Broke* had torpedoed and sunk one of the destroyers. Then Evans swung his ship round and rammed the second one fair and square. It was typical of his gay spirit that as the *Broke's* bows split into the enemy, Evans shouted "This'll mean two months' leave". There was a furious engagement with the other four destroyers, who eventually ran for home leaving *Broke* and *Swift* victorious.

'I first met Evans on a China station in 1921, and not long afterwards his cruiser, the *Carlisle*, was sent out from Hong Kong to go to the help of the steamer *Hong Mo* which had run on the rocks in a storm with 1,100 Chinese passengers on board. There was a high sea running, and it looked impossible to



Lord Mountevans in 1917, when he was Captain E. R. G. Evans, C.B., D.S.O., lately hero of the action in the Straits of Dover for which he is chiefly remembered

save anyone, but Evans anchored his ship, lowered a boat, and himself swam over to the *Hong Mo* with a line; as a result, 226 people were saved. Only a strong swimmer, a very fit and a very brave man, could have done it.

'Evans, of course, had a share of routine jobs, but he never behaved in a routine way all the time. For example, in 1933, when he was Commander in Chief on the Africa station, he actually deposed a tribal chief off his own bat. His last naval job was Com-

mander in Chief of the Nore, just before the war. He saw clearly that war was coming, and what was likely to happen to Chatham. So he made a special point of preparing the port to meet air attack. It was not surprising that when war came, shortly after Evans had retired from the Navy, he was made Regional Commissioner of Civil Defence in London. There must be many people who would not be alive today but for the efficient arrangements made by Evans of the *Broke*. An officer of whom the Navy is intensely proud, a man of great daring and courage and integrity, has passed on'.

CHANGING HERTFORDSHIRE

'I suppose Hertfordshire is a county that is changing more than any other in England', said EDWARD WARD in a talk in the General Overseas Service. 'It has half as many more people living in it than it had before the war, and in another fifteen years the population will probably have doubled compared with pre-war days.

'Hertfordshire, by the way, more or less invented the garden city. John Lunn, the archaeologist, told me that Verulamium, just by St. Albans, was really a kind of Roman garden city, and then, after a gap of fifteen centuries, came Welwyn Garden City, and now there is Stevenage New Town. But as well as these new towns there are some lovely old towns and villages in Hertfordshire: villages like Much Hadham, which is really one of the loveliest in England; and old towns like Ware.

'I spent some time a month or two ago in Ware in the course of my wanderings through Hertfordshire and I went down to the River Lea, which flows through Ware and on into the Thames. There I had a long talk with George Albany, whose family has been in the barge trade for over a century, carrying grain and local produce to London. George told me that these Ware barges are specially privileged. This dates back to the Great Plague when the barges carried food to the city of London and, the story goes, brought back the bodies of the people who had died of the plague. For their services King Charles II gave them royal permission to go down the Thames for all time without a pilot.

'Ware is in the south of Hertfordshire. At the northern tip of the county on the borders of Cambridgeshire is the little town of Royston. If you drive there from the south you may be lucky



Barges on the River Lea at Ware, Hertfordshire

enough to see Billy Stephenson's string of racehorses out at exercise on those lovely rolling downs just outside the town. It was James I who started keeping horses at Royston, and it has been a great sporting centre ever since. Old Mr. Willmott who has worked for many years on the local newspaper, which is *The Royston Crow* (there is a particular type of grey-black crow which is supposed to be peculiar to Royston) told me about the old days of the prize fights, when they used to nip across the county border into Cambridgeshire when the forces of law and order turned up. We paid a visit to a famous old inn called the Hoops. Dick Turpin, who is supposed to have visited most of Hertfordshire's innumerable old inns, certainly went to the Hoops, where he backed the famous Black Bess down a well in the little courtyard by mistake.

'PLEASE, MISTHER ...'

'It was one of those small incidents, unremarkable, inconclusive, that somehow stay in one's mind—one can hardly say why', said L. A. G. STRONG in the Light Programme. 'There was nothing at all exciting or dramatic about it. It did not concern me as a person—I mean, it didn't affect my well-being one way or another; yet I don't think I will ever forget it.'

'I was wandering along on the quays near Dublin, looking at the ships and at the river, when I saw two little boys, identical twins by the look of them, standing hand in hand and earnestly gazing at each man who passed by. They took no notice of women—not that there were many to notice. The little boys were, I should judge, about five or six years old. It was their seriousness, their solemn, anxious intentness, that struck me most about them. I suppose I was staring for I suddenly realised that they were looking at me with a particular scrutiny. The hand of one tightened on the other's. They took a little, half-hesitant step towards me: small Tweedledum and Tweedledee, round eyes gazing up with what seemed a look of dawning hope. I smiled at them: I could not have helped it, the two buttoned-up pink faces were so comical.'

'And then one spoke.'

'Please, Misther—are you our Uncle?'

'Then and there I felt I would like to be, but the question was clearly on fact.'

'No', I said. 'I'm afraid I'm not.'

'The two little faces fell. They exchanged a troubled look. The spokesman tried again.'

'Do ye know where he is, Misther?'

'No, I don't', I said. 'I'm sorry.'

'Then, seeing the faces pucker with the threat of coming tears, I added hastily: "But I don't expect he's gone far. I daresay he's only gone round the corner, and he'll be back soon".'

'They gulped, dismissed me at once from their minds, and resumed their anxious vigil. A few steps further on, I drew level with a woman standing in a doorway and watching with a look of compassion.'

'Did the little lads ask ye about their uncle?'

'Yes', I said. 'They asked first of all if I was him. When I said I wasn't, and didn't know about him, they looked so sad. I tried to cheer them up and said maybe he'd just gone round the corner'.

'Begod then, I think it's the long corner he's after goin' round, poor man, and his ship three weeks overdue'.

'That was all. Nothing more. But I won't forget it. To me, as a writer, it is full of unanswered questions, and therefore it is not

the sort of thing one can put in a story. They did not know their uncle by sight, or they would not have asked me if I was the man. Why was his coming so important to them? What promises had he made, perhaps writing from overseas to the two little nephews he had seen only in photographs? Who else was anxiously awaiting him? What happened? Did he come home—or did he never come?'

'For once in my life, I'm content to leave these questions unanswered, and to keep the picture, the little cameo, just as it stands'.

BESIDE THE SEASIDE

'The idea of "seaside holidays" grew gradually during the eighteenth century', said ARTHUR BUSH, in a talk in the Home Service. 'But they were not holidays as we understand them. As with the spas, it was the doctors who discovered the sea—not for its bracing air but for the effects of its water. And they didn't suggest that the water should be bathed in—that came later—but that it should be drunk. A particular fillip for the seaside was given by Dr. Richard Russell who, about the middle of the eighteenth century, published a book which he called *A Dissertation on the Use of Sea Water*. This achieved almost "best-seller" success in spite of—or, perhaps, because of—the macabre horrors it threatened from the non-use of sea water. The worthy doctor immediately cashed in on his success by moving his extensive society practice down to Brighton.'

'Then bathing machines came into being; small huts on wheels which were drawn by a horse into the water and in which the bather discreetly took off his—or her—clothes. In the early days everybody bathed naked. When costumes

did come into fashion people went to the other extreme: the gentlemen wore all sorts of striped horrors covering them from the neck to the knee and the ladies had monstrosities of heavy serge garments with pantaloons, skirts, sashes, and usually long sleeves and thick stockings into the bargain.'

'Many of the bathing machines had a kind of collapsible hood on the seaward side—called the "modesty hood"—so that the occupant could enter the water unseen. Once in the water, the bathers were taken hold of by a muscular man or woman known as a "dipper" who kept pushing their heads under the water as soon as they came up gasping for air.'

'Some of these dippers acquired astonishing fame—so much so that many of their names and exploits have survived to this day. Mrs. Krates of Southend was one of the sisterhood who was able to announce in her publicity blurb that she had "been honoured by the attendance of Her Royal Highness Princess Charlotte of Wales"; and then there was possibly the most renowned of all the dippers—Martha Gunn, who functioned at Brighton. She was regularly patronised by the Prince Regent during his constant visits to the town and her services were so much in demand that she eventually employed a whole team of assistants. There are one or two old prints existing which show her to be a really formidable and terrifying-looking lady; to be at the mercy of her ministrations can't have been the gentlest of experiences. Bear in mind, too, that it was considered that the best time for bathing was early in the morning, while the water was at its coldest, and some doctors said that the greatest benefit from bathing was to be had in the middle of winter.'

'What with all this, and the gallons of sea water that everybody had to drink as well, it's a wonder to me that anybody ever went near the seaside'.



Bathing at Brighton in 1836: a cartoon by Cruikshank

W. T. Spencer

The New Look in the Pakistan Village

The fourth of five talks by PHILIP MASON

IN the stretch of West Pakistan that I have just seen, the problems of village life are not very different from those in the Western United Provinces—the northern part of the alluvial plain in India. The villages look much the same; there is the same vast plain with wheat and sugar-cane, but less sugar-cane in the Punjab and fewer trees; the climate much the same, though the rainfall is less and winter lasts longer. What needs doing in the villages is much the same; better crops, cleaner streets—that kind of thing.

But one serious problem in Pakistan is hardly known in the U.P. There are thousands of acres going out of cultivation every year through salt and through waterlogging. All this country must once have been the sea-floor; bringing new land under irrigation will sometimes bring salt to the surface and you see miles of country that looks like Sodom and Gomorrah or the surface of the moon, caked with a white salty crust. The remedy is more water—a lot more water—combined with drainage to get the water away again. The other danger is waterlogging; in some areas canal irrigation has brought the water table so near the surface that if you take up a spadeful of soil the hole fills with water. Again, the remedy is drainage. It's very serious; West Pakistan is losing 70,000 acres of farm land a year from salt and waterlogging.

Then the refugee question, which hardly exists in the U.P. in comparison, has here been overwhelmingly important. In August and September of 1947 millions of Sikhs and Hindus moved eastward from Pakistan to India; millions of Muslims moved west from India. Three million more moved west than moved east, and in West Pakistan it was a much bigger problem, in relation to the resources of the state, than in India. Pakistan therefore concentrated on refugees first and turned much more recently to reorganising the older villages. One thing the Pakistan Government had—when so much had to be improvised—was a strong Co-operative Department. They formed a branch in 1947 of which the object was to create new villages, mainly for refugees. They had to be put where there was no one else cultivating, and that of course meant land which was not ideal.

A great deal of the Punjab was desert a hundred years ago; much of it is land reclaimed from waste by the canal network; it is divided by the canals into neat little squares of twenty-five acres each. There were places left waste because they were at the tail-end of a canal and not much water reached them, or because there were sand-dunes to be levelled before irrigation was possible. The Pakistan Government gave them to a Co-operative Society. The Society is the landholder; the members of the Society are tenants, each with twelve and a half acres. Most of them are refugees; a sprinkling are landless labourers from the neighbourhood. The

Society divides the crop with the individual, taking 40 per cent. at present and leaving him 60 per cent. From the 40 per cent. the Society pays the Land Revenue and helps the cultivator by cheap loans, by subsidising the purchase of chemical fertiliser and better ploughs, above all by advice. The Society is left with a profit, but within limits the members can spend it as they like; in the villages I saw, none of which were ten years old, they had usually built a mosque, a school and a village meeting-place, sometimes a dispensary as well. They were sometimes paying a teacher themselves.

The villages have been laid out with wide streets and with an enclosure in front of each house with room to tie up cattle, keep a

cart and a plough, and grow some vegetables. And everyone was growing a few onions and some carrots, spices and pepper and spinach, often some fruit trees, mango, guava, and orange. They were eager to show what they were doing; I felt that the spirit of self-help was strong in these villages, because as members of the Society they were their own landlords, because they felt that what they had contributed was theirs to spend on improving their villages. And although 40 per cent. of the crop does seem a big proportion, they were left with enough to feed the



Reclaiming desert land in Pakistan

tenant and his family and leave him an annual income of £30 or £40 a year in cash. That doesn't sound much but is more than most peasants have in Asia. Then they have spices and vegetables from their gardens, milk and butter from their cattle, the eggs of their fowls. I noticed a sewing-machine in the house of one of these tenants and asked him about it; he had paid Rs.200, £15, for it, not on the hire-purchase system, not on a loan. In another village, separated from the road by a mile of sand-dunes—pure desert—a dozen of the villagers came to meet us on ponies—spirited little ponies of about fourteen hands high—and a picturesque fresco they made against the sky, cantering over the sand-dunes with the ends of their turbans floating behind them.

These new villages are built on an old organisation, the co-operative department; they proceed on well-established lines; the guidance is firmly paternal. Quite another approach is being made in another area I saw. What was once called Village Uplift is now Village Aid, which is not a good name, as everyone concerned in it said to me, because the key is not Aid from someone else, outside, but encouragement of self-help from within. Pakistan, like India, has thousands of years of authoritarian rule in its tradition; there has always been a king, who has said do this and do that. So it needs an effort to make villagers understand that the effort must come from themselves, and it's still more difficult to get the officials of the Village Aid programme to see that too.

I was the more impressed when I went to a Village Aid training-centre and found a staff conference going on at which the princi-

pal of the whole school had given the chair to one of his staff and at which, after a long discussion, the principal and the chairman gave way to the rest, and accepted a change in the way work was divided between the staff. I listened to a class being taught how to start work in a village; all the emphasis was on finding the right leaders in the village and helping them to exercise leadership, not on the official leading himself. And in the villages I saw this seemed to be working. I remember one village, to which the Village Aid staff had come only recently, where the local leader had been mixing with his seed a preparation for killing pests in the soil. All the village, he told me proudly as he showed me the crop, were kicking themselves for not doing the same and next year they would do the same. And on an acre of vegetables which he was growing for seed—a tremendous crop, it was—he told me he had put four bags of chemical fertiliser. I was impressed because they're usually timid and only put a quarter of the right dose at first.

Village Aid in Pakistan started later than the equivalent in India and not so much is being spent; I suspect it's none the worse for that. They are at the beginning of their first five-year plan and they hope to cover one-third of the villages in Pakistan in the current five years, which began in 1955. What about the other villages? Those not covered by the effort to give the new look? There too, I think the man who has in his own name half a square of irrigated land—that is, twelve and a half acres—is doing pretty well. I have always been told that the Punjab was a land of peasant proprietors but I was surprised to find how many people had no land at all or were cultivating someone else's. And those cultivating other people's land are tenants-at-will with no security and on harsh terms, dividing the crop, sometimes half-and-half, sometimes one-third and two-thirds, but, in all the cases I met, the cultivator paying the land revenue. So the owner gets his share of the crop with no risk or outlay.

Wandering about by myself, going to villages quite at random, I found a village which had once belonged entirely to Sikhs but now to Muslim refugees from the East Punjab. They told me they had an acre for every acre they had had before; they had got away with nothing but their lives; they had had to start again, borrowing to buy bullocks, a plough and a cart. But they had done it; they were straight now—*Alhamdulillah*, praise be to God! They were people who had come through too much to grumble; they were thankful to be alive. I came, in another village, on landless labourers—Muslims, like everyone else—who told me they were still servants of the larger landholders in the village and were paid only about 6½ cwt. of grain every six months. Not really enough to live on, but they said they did casual labour for other people too.

In another village, they were all Muslims, no refugees from the east, no village aid as yet; I talked to several I met in the fields and then to a marriage-party in the village. None of them had land of their own; all were cultivating for someone else. Their

crops were often spoilt by floods, they said. Three bad years had hit them hard and they couldn't afford chemical fertilisers. Taxes were high, prices were high. 'It's a landowners' government'. One who spoke better Urdu than the rest made a long speech. He had been in France and Italy during the war; he had seen the way people lived there and he thought: 'They are better off than we are because they are free and we are slaves. So I wanted freedom in 1947', he went on, 'but now we have it, it is a kind of freedom by which we are ruined'. I tried to argue with him but he would have none of it; it was better for a poor man under the British; I asked the others present, and they all agreed with him. The old days were better, they said; the soldier pointed to a boy of eighteen and said 'Look at my brother; I paid for his education but he can't get a job—he would have got a job straight away under the British'. That of course was quite untrue; educated unemployment was bad already in our day. But there is this tendency to look back on good King Charles's golden days; the peasants tend to put down everything they dislike to independence, just as the more sophisticated credit everything they do like to the same account.

I did meet one educated man in Pakistan whose disillusionment went as far as that soldier's. 'I was wrong in 1947', he said; 'you ought to have stayed'. 'But you would never have believed that if we had stayed', I said. And he agreed, 'I suppose that's true'. History is one-way traffic; no one can turn round and go back.

Contrast that scene in the Pakistan village with another in the Western Punjab. I was having dinner at a co-operative bank with about a dozen people, most of them fairly junior officials; all belonged very definitely to the middle classes of Pakistan, neither the great landlords nor the peasants. We had been talking some time when I put the question bluntly: how did they think things compared today with ten years ago? Did they have any regrets over independence or none? They were embarrassed—I was a guest—they were anxious not to hurt my feelings. But at last one of them spoke and he spoke for them all—just as the peasant had done. 'There can be no two opinions about it', he said. 'We are making progress in every direction now. Factories are going up everywhere; we are becoming an industrial country. And we are a free people, masters of our own destiny. We bear no grudge against you but we should never have made progress as we are doing tied to your apron-strings'.

So there you are; broadly speaking, among the people I met, in Pakistan as in India, those who have a regular income and are used to abstract ideas, and those who have enough land of their own, believe that independence and all it brings with it is without question a blessing; the poorer classes see only the inconveniences and hardships of the present—many of which are certainly nothing to do with independence—and are beginning to build up a legend of the golden age. Unless, of course, they are lucky enough to live in one of the new villages.

—General Overseas Service

The Future of South America

The last of three talks by A. P. RYAN

WHAT is the main impression that an observer who travels through the South American countries today with a fresh and unprejudiced eye brings away with him? Most people would, I think, expect that he would lay most emphasis on the political scene, on dictators and revolutions. They would be surprised if he did not talk about the incorrigible ways of the South Americans, about their preference for putting off until tomorrow even the most urgent matters, just as the Spaniards in Europe are said to take '*mañana*'—'tomorrow'—as their motto for action. They would also expect to hear of lovely cities, beautiful women, and personal feuds touched off by those irresistible *señoras*. My main impression is not of any of those things, except to the extent that the places and the ladies are as charming as we have all been led to believe. What

does strike the open-minded inquirer is that South America, its little countries no less than its big ones, is at the moment going ahead materially with all the zest that we associate with a North American boom. Everywhere you go you meet spectacular signs—spectacular is not an exaggeration, but the right unforced adjective—of the sort of spirit that dominates the United States in times of optimism. Confidence in the possibilities of expansion is the universal hall-mark of South Americans today.

This optimism is based on several factors. First, the population of South America is rising by leaps and bounds. I thought when I was first given the figures that there must be some mistake. But they have been worked out by sober statisticians in the United States. They show that South America has now about 175,000,000 inhabitants, including all races, white, Indian, Negro, and Far

Rounding up cattle on an *estancia* in Argentina

wealth that upheavals of government do not upset. Lastly, and very far from least, there is oil. At the moment Venezuela is best known, and deservedly so, in this context. But oil is being produced in several other countries, and the prospectors know that there is more in the ground than has yet been properly explored. Here you come up against a political difficulty that deserves to be noted for it is symptomatic of the fierce nationalist pride—stronger sometimes than practical considerations—of these remarkable people.

The governments in Argentina and also in Brazil do not dare to risk the unpopularity that they expect would come upon them if they opened up their oil fields and their unprospected areas to foreign investigation. So in both these lands there is at the moment a 'go-slow'

Eastern. This huge total is going up at a rate that will carry it, on present reckoning, to twice as many as the combined population of the United States and Canada by the year 2000. But, you may say, this only means that there will be more mouths to feed, and can South America maintain anything like a decent standard of living for so many? South Americans have no doubt on this point. They admit that large sections of their people are living hard and in many cases below the margin of poverty. But they are sure that their natural resources and their native enterprise will take advantage of this mounting home market; and the economists with whom I talked, while introducing a note of caution that is right and proper in experts, support this cheerful view.

The second factor in favour of a progressive approach to South America's future is that all the countries concerned are underdeveloped and all have vast potential resources. Agriculture remains the most important. We all know of the vast open spaces on which cattle for the meat market are raised and of the wide acres under wheat and other grain crops. Then there is wool, again on a scale that carries its weight in the markets of the world. Coffee is a staple product. So is fruit, from oranges to tropical sorts, with sugar and cocoa thrown into the scale. Next, and still only beginning to be tapped, are the minerals. Take Chile: for many years Chile drew her principal wealth from the nitrates that are worked in her bleak deserts along the Pacific coast. Nitrates still play their part in her economy. But they were hit by the development of synthetic rivals. Copper has also come into its own. I visited a great new mine into which many millions of North American capital have been sunk that is being developed 10,000 feet up in the Andes. That area was, until not long ago, a forsaken spot chiefly of interest to archaeologists. For through it had run the old trails of the Incas whose Indian empire the Spaniards destroyed. You could still see there traces of the open-cast mining done by the Incas or by some other primitive people. But now mine engineers and geologists and drillers drawn from all over the world are hard at work. I talked in the camp to Cornishmen, and Australians, and men from Colorado. Copper is only one of the many minerals on which the South Americans pin their faith. The tin of Bolivia brings in

on the oil front. Each has an undertaking directed by the state that deals with its oil affairs. Neither of these undertakings is thought by Argentines and Brazilians, who understand the technicalities, to be capable by itself of making the most of the oil potentialities at the speed and tempo that the world demand calls for. Whether this state of affairs will continue is hard for the visitor to judge. He is told behind the scenes in Buenos Aires and in Rio de Janeiro that, sooner or later, foreign companies will have to be allowed in with reasonable precautions to ensure that they do not take more than their fair share of the profits and do not interfere with the running of the state. Nobody in the political world or among the oil men, foreign and nationalist, with whom I talked, saw any real difficulty in bringing in the so urgently needed reinforcement from outside and, at the same time, safeguarding national interests. But even allowing for this deadlock, which is what it amounts to as matters stand, South America is doing well out of oil.

The next factor in this economic pattern arises from the growth of industry. The days have gone by when South America was made up of rural communities supporting cities that largely drew their manufactured goods from overseas. Active and spreading factories confront you up and down the sub-continent. They are



'South America is doing well out of oil': Lake Maracaibo in Venezuela with its towering oil derricks
Shell Photographic Unit

fostered by the governments and approved by public opinion because they create employment, thus helping to absorb the increase in population which I discussed just now. The industrial revolution in South America has already reached a peak at which it is hard indeed for would-be foreign importers to get a foothold and it is a peak that is far from being the highest that will be scaled. This is not to say that the outlet for foreign consumer goods is completely blocked, but it is narrowing every year. Nor is it to say that the foreigner has, in the process, been put out of business. On the contrary he is welcomed when he brings in his capital and his craftsmanship and sets up a factory. There are many such, including some British, but not as many as a British visitor would like to see.

Consumer goods are one thing and the products of heavy industry, of what are termed capital goods, are another. Every South American country is crying out for better transport involving renewal of obsolete or obsolescent railway systems, the laying of new lines, the spread of motor roads, and the construction of airfields. Demand is no less strong for power plants. Electrical development has a long way to go before it approaches saturation point. Mining plant is needed, and will be needed more especially if the political difficulties I touched on can be got round. Nothing is standing still in South America. The leaders of all the countries I visited include bold men who have no hesitation in pulling down buildings, commercial or private, that seem to them less than completely up to date. Anyone who went to South America expecting to find the graceful colonial architecture which has been made so familiar in pictures would be disappointed. The skyscraper is now as familiar as it is in the States. Here and there colonial traces are to be seen. But generally speaking they have to be sought out, and, when they are swept away to make room for yet another skyscraper, there is little or no regret. I stress this to bring out the fact that South Americans take pride in being in the vanguard of the contemporary trends in everything. Their past heritage is not forgotten, but it does not excite them as does

the thought that they are rapidly forging ahead and establishing themselves as the architects of a part of the world that can stand up to the challenge of its most hard-headed rivals.

This forging ahead has been so quick that it would be surprising if there had been no growing pains. There have indeed. And the South American republics, without exception, are suffering from them. The main symptom is inflation. That is an awkward fact that we all have to face whichever country we belong to. But inflation has got out of hand in the last few years in some parts of South America to an extent that has made living hard except for the rich. Great efforts have been and are being made to check it. Technical and financial advisers have been brought in, and in some cases their advice has been taken. The worst inflationary trends have been stopped though not necessarily permanently. In some countries that were hardest hit I found a widespread recognition of the disagreeable but inescapable need for putting financial houses in order before foreign capital can be expected to flow in freely. But this recognition is weakened by the spirit of optimism that leads South Americans to say that their long-term future is so bright that foreigners are bound to lend them money so that they may realise it without delay.

I tell you all this candidly because one of the most pleasant things about discussing South America with its own people is that they do not pull their punches and do not expect you to do so. They are the first to draw your attention to their weaknesses. I came away with the conviction that people who are on the whole so realistic, who have achieved so much and who have such strong cards in their hand, will be well worth watching in the years ahead. If I were asked to venture on a prophecy I should say with some confidence this: a generation hence South America will still be distinct from its neighbours to the north because its civilisation will always be based, even though remotely, on its Spanish and Portuguese origins; but from the material point of view it will be much nearer to the United States and to Canada than any of us who regard it in terms of the past can conceive of.

—General Overseas Service

Enigma of the Russian Economic System

(continued from page 299)

control, and spontaneous interaction through the market and prices.

Where administrative action predominates, as in Russia, there is feeling at the centre—in the Ministries, the Supreme Economic Council, and the planning boards—of rational control and inter-related planning. Decisions about major ventures are seen in relation to one another, and the development of the economy can be looked at in broad terms. But inevitably these are broad, sweeping decisions, made in ignorance of the complex changing situation, facing the individual operating units. In practice they must often be mistaken, vague, delayed, and contradictory. The individual firm regards the planning machinery as a crazy, confused, bureaucratic superstructure.

By contrast, in a system such as ours where prices and the pull of the market predominate, everything looks rational and well adjusted at the level of the individual firm. The firm can adjust its production, its sources of supply, its prices, and its methods of production to meet the ever-changing complex of market forces. This fine process of adjustment seems clearly superior and more efficient than anything which could be achieved by working to administrative direction from outside. But if one looks at the economy in its broader, especially developing, aspects, the market economy seems confused and chaotic. For example, each firm appears to pursue its own investment projects without regard to general needs or the likely long-term development of the economy.

A planned system, or what I would prefer to call an administratively directed system, therefore, seems rational at the centre and chaotic at the periphery, whereas a market system appears rational at the periphery but chaotic when viewed from the centre.

In practice, the centrally administered system in Russia has developed towards more and more devolution to the firm, in order to secure rationality at that level, and this has meant giving greater play to adjustment through prices and costs. By contrast,

in western economies, there has been an increasingly marked tendency to take a broader view of the overall development of the economy, especially in considering major investment projects. This is not merely where the Government is involved, as in the nationalised industries in this country. Private firms—especially the larger ones—both in this country and the United States seem more and more to consider their investment plans in relation to an assessment of overall trends in the economy and likely developments in related and competing products. The kind of statistical appreciations made before taking decisions about investment in the steel industry in the United States or in I.C.I. or Unilever in this country are not likely to be different in kind from those made in Russian planning offices and Ministries. Indeed, if looking ahead at the overall development of the economy over the next twenty or twenty-five years is one of the outstanding features of planning, then America is probably doing more planning than Russia, and doing it more efficiently.

I do not want to claim that what I have said here provides anything like a comprehensive explanation of the working of the Russian economy. Far from it: for example, I have not mentioned agriculture or the working of the financial system and what I have said bears only indirectly on that highly controversial issue, the extent and causes of growth in Russian production. I have merely been concerned to argue that if we want to understand the Russian system, we must pay more attention to how administrative direction works in practice, and how this is interwoven with operation through prices and the market. An appreciation of how these two forms of behaviour are combined is also important in understanding the working of our own economy; and it is of the greatest interest to such countries as Poland and Yugoslavia who are trying to work out new ways of running their economic affairs.—*Third Programme*

The Quarrel and the Carpet

The first of two talks based on W. S. Gilbert's private papers, by HESKETH PEARSON

MOST people believe that after the success of 'Trial by Jury', Richard D'Oyly Carte took Gilbert and Sullivan under his wing and that neither of them attempted to collaborate with anyone else before they began working together. Gilbert's letters contradict this. If any manager had commissioned him to write the words for an opera, he would have written them for any competent composer. Carl Rosa, who ran an operatic company, was one of the managers who asked him for a libretto. Another was a well-known composer named Sir Julius Benedict, with whom Gilbert was anxious to work; but as he was more anxious for an advance on royalties, nothing came of it. Then Carte wanted to revive the first piece Gilbert and Sullivan did together, called 'Thespis', but Gilbert wrote to Sullivan: 'It's astonishing how quickly these capitalists dry up under the magic influence of the words "cash down"'. Other people approached him, but the essential condition of money in advance cooled their enthusiasm.

Carte got to hear of these negotiations and complained to Gilbert, who quickly reminded him that their understanding was dependent upon Sullivan and himself receiving a sum down before putting pen to paper. 'If we're to be business-like', he told Carte, 'you must be business-like too'. Carte became business-like, formed a company, paid the necessary money, and 'The Sorcerer' was produced. Then came the huge success of 'H.M.S. Pinafore', and the great partnership was placed on a firm footing. In view of the future trouble between the three men it is interesting to learn that when Gilbert's American agent spoke disrespectfully of D'Oyly Carte's character, Gilbert broke with him at once and appointed a new agent.

As is well known, there were several disagreements about financial matters, and over Sullivan's desire to write serious music, before the crisis in their relationship which shook the theatrical world. These early squabbles were largely due to their conflicting temperaments. It is also known that their first serious quarrel began over the price of a carpet for the auditorium of the Savoy Theatre which was charged by Carte as part of the preliminary expenses of their production of 'The Gondoliers'. But most of what follows is culled from the private papers of Gilbert and a number of unpublished letters from Sullivan.

On receiving the account of these expenses Gilbert rushed down to the theatre and demanded an explanation from Carte, to whom he pointed out that Sullivan and himself were only liable for 'repairs incidental to the performances' and that new carpets for the lobbies and staircases in the front of the house could not possibly be considered as such. Carte angrily maintained that all three of them were jointly liable for the upholstery in the auditorium. Gilbert replied that such an interpretation of their agreement would justify Carte in entirely redecorating and upholstering the theatre a month before their lease was up and charging them with two-thirds of the cost, although the goods would at once become the property of the theatre's proprietor, Carte himself.

Refusing to discuss the matter, Carte said that the difficulty could be overcome only by his raising the rent of the theatre from £4,000 to £5,000, and that if Gilbert were dissatisfied with the existing state of things he had better say so. Gilbert did say so, firmly. 'Very well, then',

replied Carte, 'you write no more for the Savoy—that's understood'. Gilbert left with the remark that it was a mistake for Carte to kick down the ladder by which he had risen, and went home to write a long account of what had happened to Sullivan.

But Sullivan sided with Carte for several reasons, the chief being that the realisation of his life's ambition, the production of a grand opera, depended upon their continued association. Convinced that Carte had probably been charging his partners with other unlawful expenses, Gilbert put the matter in the hands of his solicitors and asked Sullivan to support his demand that the theatre accounts for the past years should be inspected. Sullivan refused. During the legal proceedings which followed, Carte's solicitors advised him not to pay royalties on 'The Gondoliers' until the case was settled. Gilbert promptly issued a writ for his share of the last quarter's profits. A cheque for £2,000 was at once sent him. But after studying the nightly returns he claimed a further £1,000 and, as his solicitors had discovered a serious discrepancy in the recent accounts, he decided that Carte was not to be trusted and applied for the appointment of a receiver at the Savoy Theatre.

As a result of the case Carte was ordered to pay Gilbert the balance of royalties due to him, but the Judge refused to appoint a receiver at the Savoy because Sullivan swore an affidavit that certain expenses in a legal action authorised by Gilbert eight years earlier had not been paid, and this justified Carte's behaviour in temporarily withholding the sums due to his partners. Gilbert having sworn to the opposite effect, namely that no expenses of any sort were outstanding, Sullivan's oath in effect charged Gilbert with perjury. It was not the kind of charge he could view in a composed frame of mind; and when his solicitors discovered from the accounts that he had been right and Sullivan wrong, he wrote to say so in no uncertain terms, closing his letter with these words:

I am willing to believe that your affidavit . . . was made under an entire misconception, owing no doubt to deceptive representations which were made to you by persons interested in procuring your evidence. In view of the great importance naturally attached by the Court to the statements on oath



W. S. Gilbert, c. 1885



Cartoon of 1890 illustrating 'A Chapter of Dickens Up to Date': the reference is to 'a reported quarrel and severance between Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. W. S. Gilbert [depicted here as Betsey Prig and Sairey Gamp] à propos of an expensive carpet purchased for the Savoy Theatre by Mr. D'Oyly Carte'

By permission of the proprietors of 'Punch'

of a man in your distinguished position, I must ask you whether you are prepared to give me in writing a distinct retraction of the clause of your affidavit to which this letter refers, with permission to make such use thereof as may appear to me to be desirable.

We need not censure Sullivan for refusing to go into the matter just then. He was immersed in his grand opera 'Ivanhoe' and his affidavit had been made on statements by Carte, with whom circumstances compelled him to join. He wished to close the controversy, to have a free mind for his work, and he did not want to admit that he had sworn falsely when he honestly believed at the time that he was swearing truthfully, such an admission making him disloyal to Carte. For some time Gilbert and Sullivan kept up an acrimonious correspondence, Sullivan sticking to his view that his affidavit was made because the appointment of a receiver would have been injurious to his interests. He begged Gilbert to let bygones be bygones and asked him to attend the first performance of 'Ivanhoe'. Gilbert replied that if Sullivan admitted the misstatement in his affidavit he would use the stalls sent him with the utmost pleasure. Sullivan declined to do so, and Gilbert declined the stalls. But their letters continued until Gilbert asked whether, as Sullivan would benefit considerably from the readjustment of the Savoy accounts caused by Gilbert's legal action, he would care to share the costs of the case. Sullivan did not consider this funny, and their correspondence ceased.

Through the intercession of a friend the two came together again some five months later, but the peccant affidavit still rankled in Gilbert's mind, and before their meeting he wrote a long letter to Sullivan recapitulating the grounds of his complaint and saying that their renewed co-operation 'could scarcely be carried on successfully unless we undertook it with our minds purged of all existing sense of grievance'. They were temporarily reconciled, but can hardly have touched on the subject uppermost in their minds because they quickly agreed to do another opera together.

It is commonly believed that harmony prevailed between them from the moment their collaboration was renewed. Gilbert's papers tell a different story. To start with they wholly misunderstood one another at their first meeting. Gilbert said that 'in order to avoid all chances of future calamity' he would rather take a percentage of the receipts for his part of the work than share the profits. Sullivan agreed, leaving Gilbert with the mistaken notion that both of them would take a percentage. When

Gilbert discovered his error and found that he alone would take a percentage, the other two partners sharing the profits, he insisted that Sullivan and himself should be on the same footing, each getting the same as the other. That started a new letter-campaign, which led to a further reference to the legal proceedings of the previous year, and a rather tart communication from Sullivan, which brought a fierce rejoinder from Gilbert, who reverted to all the trouble caused by the affidavit, the memory of which still galled and infuriated him.

Sullivan having implied that he and Carte did not want to subject themselves again to the risk of another quarrel, Gilbert's anger blazed forth, and their correspondence became so censorious that he put an end to their project of a joint opera. Having done so he asked Sullivan to apologise for the 'terrible insinuations' against him which he felt were implied in the letters he had received. 'I think the least you can do is to withdraw the horrible imputation upon my honour and good faith contained in your last two letters'.

Sullivan expressed himself as shocked and bewildered by Gilbert's interpretation of his letters: 'God forbid that any such idea should be in my mind for a second!' he exclaimed, to which Gilbert returned: 'Your frank disclaimer of any intention to reflect upon my honour and good faith takes an immense load from my mind'. He then decided to continue the collaboration, with himself on a percentage basis. Sullivan went off to the Riviera for a health-cure, and Gilbert was left to deal with Carte, whom he described as 'perfectly maddening'. Further disagreements about the exact percentage he should take resulted in further correspondence; and then there was a final rumpus.

Sullivan, who had already complained of Gilbert's fantastic elderly females in the earlier operas, took exception to the character of Lady Sophy in their new work 'Utopia Ltd.'. 'Is it necessary', he asked, 'that she should be very old, ugly, raddled, and perhaps grotesque, and still more is it necessary that she should be seething with love and passion (requited or unrequited) and other feelings not usually associated with old age?'

I shall throw some fresh light on these aged oddities of Gilbert's in my next talk. Here it is only necessary to say that Gilbert, after protesting that Lady Sophy was not in the least like the horrible old hag envisaged by Sullivan, carefully toned down the picture in his libretto, probably under the impression that he had all along seen her as a dignified middle-aged lady.—*Home Service*

How to Listen to a Ghost Story

By G. W. LAMBERT

MOST people have at some time or other heard a ghost story which purports to be true. Even ghost stories which have been written as fiction cannot be reckoned as good specimens of their kind unless they imitate pretty closely the real thing. The real thing, however, is very difficult to come by. There are so many so-called true ghost stories in popular collections that one is at a loss to distinguish the true from the false.

The decision as to what is a true ghost story depends upon the standard of evidence you apply to it. To establish the fact that someone has seen a ghost requires, to start with, the same sort of evidence as that required to verify any other occasional happening, but the event becomes really interesting to the ordinary person only when it is claimed that the ghost, by its demeanour, or dress, or something it said, conveyed information outside the normally acquired knowledge of the person who saw it.

For seventy-five years the Society for Psychical Research has been collecting and examining stories about uncanny events and has found that they are liable to mistakes due to faulty memory, and to distortion due to wishful thinking, to an extent that many people underestimate. Responsible persons of proved trustworthiness in the ordinary business of life are sometimes found to have failed in those respects, and scholarly eminence in some

other field of study is not always a protection against error where a ghost story is concerned. Consequently the Society applies rather strict rules of evidence before admitting a ghost story to its published collections.

The seeing of a ghost being often, but by no means always, a private affair, the incident must at least have been described to someone else, who is prepared to confirm that he or she heard the description or otherwise corroborated the story before its outcome has been discovered. The rule requiring corroboration excludes from publication a good many stories which are probably true, and disappoints many people who are convinced that they have valuable contributions to make to the literature on the subject. Secondly, the case must have been carefully examined by a competent investigator, to exclude any ordinary natural causes which could account for the event. The value of such an examination depends a good deal on the competence of the investigator, and sceptics often take refuge in throwing doubt on it in a particular case. But just as it is dangerous to believe a ghost story simply on the ground of the assumed truthfulness of the person telling it, so it is also dangerous to disbelieve a story simply on the ground of the assumed incompetence of the investigator. I shall be able here to recount only one or two cautionary tales, about events believed by those who were concerned in them to

have been of a ghostly nature, which can much more easily be explained by assuming natural causes, either physical or psychological, or both. Stories of that kind are very common and should be studied in contrast with the much rarer accounts of ghosts which cannot be explained away.

The important thing to remember is that a ghost story has two parts, which must be separately examined. The first part is the description, or narrative, of the experience, and the second is the interpretation of that experience. For instance, someone may relate that he saw the ghost of an old man sitting on a gate and that it faded away as he went up to it. That is the description of the experience and it may well be true. But if the story goes on that the ghost was that of old so-and-so, a village worthy who died some time before, that is an interpretation which may well be wrong, especially if the person who saw that ghost did not know the old man when alive.

If the interpretation requires some later research, in the way of looking up old records, photographs, books and so on, in order to discover or verify the details of what has been seen, it is important to write down an account of the experience before the research is carried out. If that is not done, and it seldom is, the information collected later may get mixed up in one's memory with the recollection of the actual experience. Detail added later is not necessarily false, but it needs to be looked at carefully.

Veridical Apparitions

Generally speaking, a ghost which brings verifiable information—called, in the language of psychical research, a veridical or truth-telling apparition—appears unexpectedly when the person who sees it is going about his usual duties. If you hear of a case of that kind, it is useful to get as full an account of the incident as you can, but it is unlikely that you will see the ghost if you go to look for it. The concentration of one's attention on looking for it seems to defeat the purpose of one's search.

The ghost in such a case as I have mentioned is also lifelike, and may be mistaken for a real person until it vanishes or is otherwise found not to have been the person represented. Usually that person is at a distance or dead. The most likely occasion for such an apparition to be seen is near the time of that person's death. It seldom causes terror, but may cause distress, if it is believed to be a bringer of bad news. Occasionally, for no assignable reason, a person sees his own ghost. The experience of Goethe, who met his double riding towards him on horseback, is well known. Thus the mere fact that a person's ghost is seen does not tell one certainly whether that person is alive or dead.

In contrast with the lifelike sort of ghost I have described, there is another kind which is vague and apparently purposeless. It is usually seen after unaccountable noises and incidents, believed to be due to ghostly agencies, have raised fear to fever pitch. Human figures seen in such cases are vaguely described as wearing long garments, as being monks or nuns. They are usually hooded, and the faces are seldom visible. Ghosts of this kind are merely imaginary figures projected into the field of vision under stress of emotion. As one would expect, they reflect the beliefs, often the childish beliefs, of those who see them, and their forms change with the beliefs current from time to time. In the seventeenth century, when there was a widespread belief in witchcraft, such projected images often took the form of animals, supposed to be witches' familiars.

That belief was still prevalent when in 1716 Epworth Rectory, the home of the Wesley family, was sorely afflicted by what was believed to be a ghostly visitation. After mysterious noises had troubled the family for some time, Mrs. Wesley, the mother of the famous brothers, was summoned one night to the bedside of her daughter Hetty. She found the bed being shaken by an unknown force and saw an animal 'pretty like a badger' run from under it. On another occasion the man-servant saw a strange animal run from the dining-room, but to him it looked like a white rabbit.

In the nineteenth century these projected images usually took human form. For instance, on July 5, 1840, a Mr. Drury and a friend went to Willington Mill, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, to spend the night there, with the permission of the owner, Mr. Procter. The house had been haunted for many years and Drury, who professed to be an utter disbeliever so far as ghosts were

concerned, was determined to unravel the mystery. At about eleven o'clock that night, Drury and a companion sat down on the third-storey landing. At about ten minutes to twelve they both heard a noise as if a number of people were pattering with their bare feet upon the floor. A few minutes afterwards they heard a noise of knocking, and 'this was immediately followed by a hollow cough from the very room from which the apparition proceeded'. The cough was heard before the appearance of the ghost, and gave a sinister significance to the door leading into the room from which the sound of the cough seemed to come.

It is to be assumed that Drury kept an eye on that door, for about an hour later he reports: 'I took out my watch to ascertain the time and found it was ten minutes to one. In taking my eyes from the watch they became riveted upon a closed door which I distinctly saw open, and saw also the figure of a female attired in greyish garments with the head inclining downwards, and one hand pressed upon the chest as if in pain, and the other (the right hand) extended towards the floor with the index finger pointing downwards'. The figure then approached the friend, who was by that time asleep. Drury continues: 'I then rushed at it, giving, as Mr. Procter states, a most awful yell; but instead of grasping it I fell upon my friend and I recollected nothing distinctly for nearly three hours afterwards. I have since learnt that I was carried downstairs in an agony of fear and terror'.

That story illustrates the tendency there is in nearly everyone to attribute unaccountable noises to some sort of living agency.

Another story of mysterious sounds was told not long ago by Miss Marguerite Steen in a broadcast talk entitled 'Ghosts I Have Met'. Miss Steen rented a villa in Spain which had the reputation of being haunted. Servants would not sleep the night in it and she had to rely on daily help. The weather was very hot and to increase ventilation the door of her bedroom had been removed and the doorway was closed by a curtain. The house doors were locked at night and there was good protection against intruders. One night Miss Steen heard footsteps in the passage outside her room. They came nearer and nearer. Then she heard the unmistakable noise of the curtain rings as the curtain across her doorway was drawn sharply back. Miss Steen remembered no more till she found her servant, who had let herself in, standing over her next morning. The servant confirmed that the curtain was drawn back when she came in, so it was not mere imagination.

The effects described, including the drawing back of the curtain, could have been caused by natural forces, given a site on a hillside and an old door lintel not quite level before the incident. An underground spate or a slight earth tremor could have done the rest.

'Fear-Ghosts'

In the case of old stories one cannot add to the narrative but one can still review the interpretations. To prove that an experience has been wrongly interpreted does not prove that the original description of it was false. Some stories include a claim that the ghost has been seen by more than one person. If it has been seen by two or more persons successively on different occasions in a house in which unaccountable noises are heard from time to time, and is for that reason reputed to be haunted, it is almost certainly a 'fear-ghost' of the kind seen by Drury in Willington Mill. Where members of the household in such a case have been exposed for some time to talk of uncanny happenings, first one member and then another may begin to 'see things'. There is a tendency for the figures seen by different people to be described in very similar terms, as such images are sensitive to the effects of suggestion.

If, on the other hand, a ghost is seen by two or more persons standing side by side at almost the same instant, it is probably a genuine ghost and not a mere creature of imagination. Such an occurrence, known as a 'collective' case, is rare and difficult to establish. Some people, owing to the theoretical difficulties involved, are not prepared to admit that cases of the kind ever occur, but there is strong evidence that they do. Few people have either the time or the inclination to sift thoroughly the evidence in any particular ghost story, but one's judgement can be improved by listening to some stories which have been well tested, both as to the evidence for each experience and the interpretation of it.—*Home Service*

NEWS DIARY

August 21-27

Wednesday, August 21

Western Powers publish new disarmament proposals

President Eisenhower gives his views on events in Syria at press conference

British Railways announce details of new and faster train services

Thursday, August 22

Agreement is reached in new dispute at Covent Garden during which more than 260 porters were dismissed

Government of Ghana introduces Bill giving it powers to deport two Muslim leaders

U.S. State Department decides to permit a group of American journalists to visit Communist China

Friday, August 23

The Singapore Government orders the arrest of a number of persons suspected of subversive activities

The Prime Minister is to visit five Commonwealth countries next year

Lebanese Government takes security measures to prevent infiltration from Syria

Saturday, August 24

The Kings of Jordan and Iraq meet in Istanbul

Syrian Minister of Public Works explains why his Government is seeking Soviet economic aid

Sunday, August 25

President Kuwatly of Syria flies home after seeing President Nasser in Cairo

King Hussein of Jordan sees Mr. Loy Henderson of the U.S. State Department in Istanbul

Gales cause damage in many parts of Britain

The Pope addresses 30,000 young Christian workers in St. Peter's square, Rome

Monday, August 26

Soviet Union announces successful test of 'super-long-distance' rocket weapon

Chancellor of Exchequer meets National Production Advisory Council on Industry to discuss inflation

B.B.C. publishes new plans for Third Programme

Tuesday, August 27

Mr. Dulles comments on the Russian announcement of its testing of new rocket weapon

Syrian economic delegation leaves for Moscow

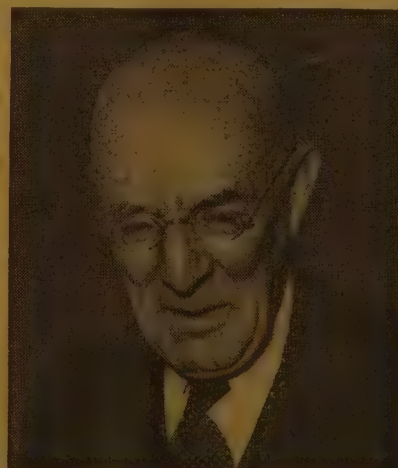
Duke of Gloucester flies to attend Federation of Malaya's independence celebrations



Holidaymakers watching heavy seas breaking over the promenade at Brighton last Sunday when gales—with squalls up to eighty miles an hour—swept over most of the British Isles. Considerable damage and delay were caused to shipping, and in many places houses were damaged and crops flattened



Monsignor Ronald Knox, the Roman Catholic writer and scholar, who died on August 25, aged sixty-nine. Born the son of a Bishop of Manchester, he entered the Anglican ministry but became a convert to the Roman Catholic faith in 1917, taking Roman Orders two years later. The author of several books on theological subjects as well as many essays and satirical light verses, his crowning achievement was his translation of the Bible which in 1953 was authorised by the Roman Catholic hierarchy for public use. He was one of the liveliest personalities in the religious life of the country



Professor Edward Dent who died on August 23 at the age of eighty-one. Professor Dent was a noted authority on English music; his translations of libretti—especially those of Mozart—helped to establish a tradition of opera in English. He was one of the founders, in 1923, of the International Society for Contemporary Music and remained its president for fifteen years. He was appointed Professor of Music at the University of Cambridge in 1926 and held the post until he retired in 1941. His many books include a life of Scarlatti, a critical study of Mozart's operas, and a life of Handel



A scene from Jean-Paul Sartre's 'The Flies' performed last week by the Edinburgh Festival at the Edinburgh Festival Theatre



Lowering the 'Lady' which carried the Gaiety Theatre, Aldwych, during the last week. The figure, made of wood, is placed in the new building

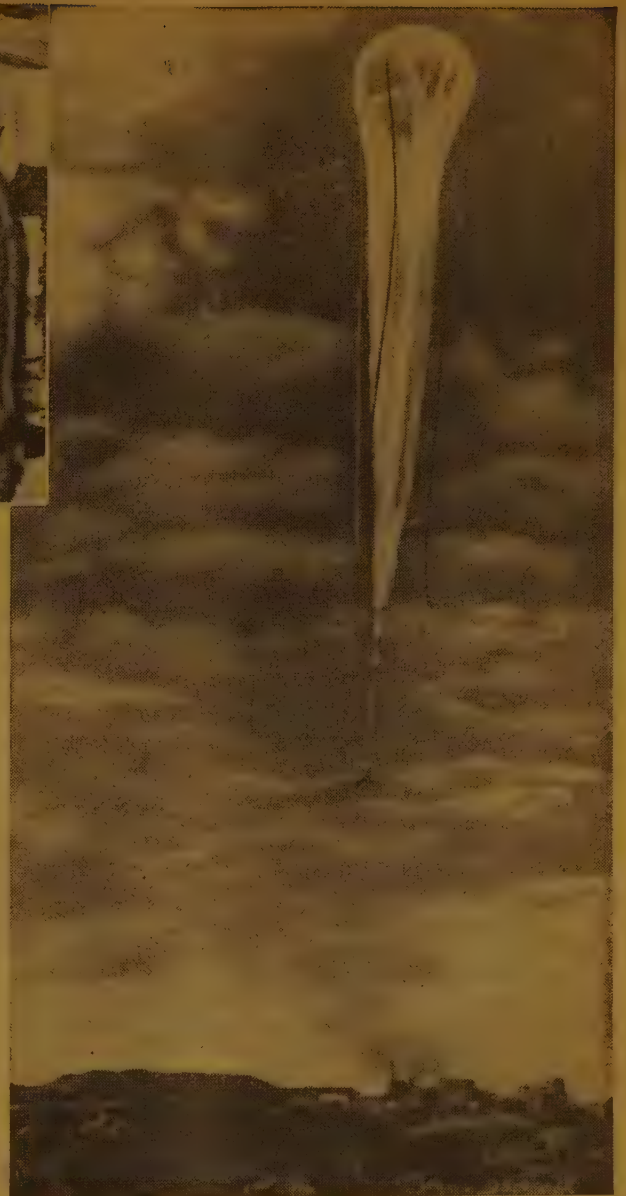
Right: V. Kuts of Russia, the victor in both the men's and women's 10,000-metres race in the Great Britain at White City



ice 'Nekrassov'
Stage Company
al



On August 19 an American Air Force doctor, Major David Simons, successfully ascended, in a sealed metal gondola attached to a balloon, to a record height of over nineteen miles where he remained for thirty-two hours. The above photograph shows Dr. Simons in the cramped space of the eight-foot by three-foot gondola. Right: the start of the ascent from Crosby, Minnesota



Greta Anderson of Denmark wading ashore near Folkestone on August 21 after winning the cross-channel swimming race. She is the first woman ever to win this race



Some of the old
ion work there
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champion, winning
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24. Russia was
men's events



A Ukrainian exhibitor with his model tanker at the Model Engineering Exhibition in London



P. May, the English captain (partly hidden), with T. Lock (with arm raised) and J. Laker (right), facing a cheering crowd at the Oval last Saturday after England had dismissed the West Indies for only 86. The final score for the Test series was three wins for England and two draws

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Session 1957/58

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New Students will be enrolled between 3 p.m. and 8 p.m. on the 16th September. (Former students, 10th and 11th Sept., 5.0—7.30 p.m.)

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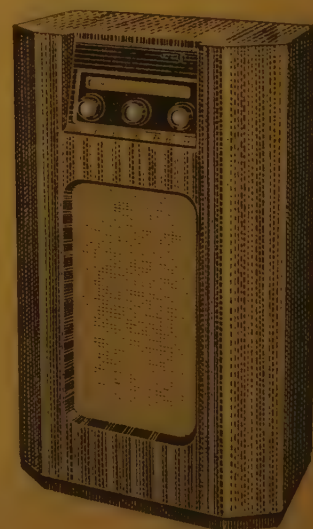
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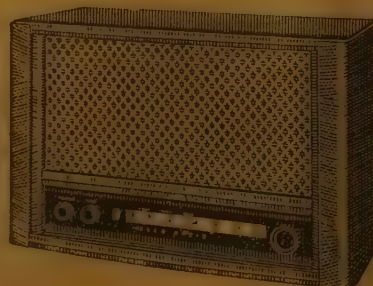
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L23

Christ in the Mind of St. Paul

Christ Risen and Vindicated

The second of five talks by Canon C. E. RAVEN

ON the road to Damascus that happened to Saul which had happened to earlier disciples at Easter and has happened to multitudes of men and women from that time to this. Christ was disclosed to him as living, present, constraining. Studies of the phenomena of conversion help us (to some extent) to appreciate the conditions which preceded the moment of illumination. In Saul's case the dilemma which he had tried to escape by his violent attacks upon Christians had plainly not been solved but only repressed. Doubts largely subconscious had haunted him perhaps from the time of the Crucifixion. They had been made conscious by the martyrdom of Stephen whose open vision of Christ, evident as he went joyfully to his death, made so obvious an impression. Could men of such radiant faith be victims of an illusion, witnesses to an apostate? Might not the persecution of such men be a fighting against God? Suddenly, for Saul, as for so many, the conflict ended in an overwhelming experience. Jesus was alive and manifested. His death, accursed though it was by the Law, was not the end. Rather it was a triumphant liberation, signal evidence not of the divine displeasure but of the divine vindication. Jesus was not the Galilean impostor but the Christ of God.

Event of Shattering Power

As with others so with Saul: the event was immediate in its compelling power and shattering in its effects. The first sensitiveness to his surroundings, the gradual confirmation of the fact, and the long period of adjustment and reconstruction—all that transformed Saul the Pharisee into Paul the Apostle—these are a process which is familiar to most of those who have experienced conversion, a process which is in some sense life-long. He had seen the Lord; and that sight coloured all his future.

We can see the first effects of it in the scanty details given in the Acts, but they are much more evidently disclosed by Paul's own records and writings. Too often it is assumed that such a typical conversion produces an instantaneous change of life, that its full significance is realised at once and that thereafter 'all things are made new'. When St. Paul declared that if any man be in Christ a new act of creation has taken place, he testified to the seeming completeness and finality of what had happened. But indeed after the transforming shock there was and must always be a vast amount of detailed appreciation, of fresh discovery, of sifting and testing, of rejecting and reconstructing. 'The old has passed away: all things are become new: all things are of God'. Those three familiar phrases mark the perpetually repeated rhythm of the process. Paul describes it: but in the sequence of his letters he reveals it in its consecutive stages, and shows us, if we have eyes to see, how significant, how profound, and how long-continued it was bound to be.

This is a fact little recognised and vitally

important. Paulinism, the attempt to construct out of the Epistles, treated as a single and consistent whole, a coherent system of interpretation and dogma, tends to ignore it—to write as if citations from Galatians, Corinthians, Romans, and Colossians (for example) all reflected the same maturity of understanding, the same comprehension of the meaning of Christ. In consequence the grand movement of his march is destroyed, the moments of fresh knowledge are ignored, and too often a result full of self-contradictions is produced.

If we are to do justice to the grandeur and the development of Paul's message we must recognise that the writer of the early letters, Galatians and the two to the Thessalonians, had not reached the height of spiritual quality or the depth of spiritual wisdom that he attained by the time of his visit to Corinth; and that after the discoveries then evident he had many years of further development, of widening apprehension and clearer objectives. We can see from his first work flashes of insight that foreshadow what is to come: we can see and trace evidence of real continuity: but the full meaning of life in Christ, as he came to expound it, is enlarged from step to step of his pilgrimage. He 'presses on' and in larger measure than he dared to claim he 'attains'.

In the Epistle to the Galatians, which to many scholars seems almost certainly his earliest letter, there are indeed brilliant phrases which anticipate essential elements in his fully developed thought; but they are fragmentary and incidental, and are set in a general background of thoughts and expressions which neither in understanding nor in temper rise to the highest level of spiritual quality. The bitterness of his controversy; the sophistry of his arguments; the Jewish limitations of his outlook and the ferocity of his one reference to paganism—this last a clear indication of his contempt for the mystery religions—are evidence that though he has accepted Christ and begun to see his significance he is still accommodating Christ's meaning to thought-forms and religious ideas which have nothing in common with him. If Paul realises that the new wine has for him burst the old bottles, he is still prepared to store it in vessels derived from pre-Christian and sometimes non-Christian sources. Like many of us today, he explains Christ in conformity with beliefs and in terms of statements fundamentally irreconcilable with him.

The Superseded Law

If this be doubted, we need hardly look for evidence beyond his interpretation of the Cross. Here he not only shows plainly his own dilemma—how did God's Anointed die the accursed death?—but he explains it almost solely as proving that the Law has been shown to be unreliable and can therefore be no longer sacrosanct or even authoritative. At that early period the freedom of Christians from Judaism was a vital issue: but how different, how vastly

different, is this limited and temporary explanation from the universal and all-transforming significance which the words 'Christ crucified' came later to bear for the apostle! To realise that Christ had put the Law out of date, and to begin to replace legalism as a way of life by love and personal commitment was a tremendous achievement: but to conceive that change in terms of deliverance from commandments rather than as life in Christ is evidence that for Paul his work is only in its first phase.

Paul's Message to Thessalonica

This adjustment of the new experience to an old and inadequate frame is still and even more evidently shown by the letters to Thessalonica. At the time of his visit, the town and indeed the Roman world was stirred by the expectation of the death of the emperor Claudius and by the problem of his successor; speculation and rumours were often fantastic; prodigies and portents were chronicled even by serious historians; every sea-port was full of wild gossip. So when Paul delivered his message in terms of crude Jewish imagery—the Messianic King immediately to descend from heaven and to bring the present dispensation to its end—'the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised up and we that are alive shall be caught up to join the Lord in the air'—his words produced a fervour of excitement, brought upon himself a charge of treason, and led his converts to the abandonment of work and all normal activities.

The effect on himself of this failure was of the greatest importance: but at the time, as he recognised, it was a signal example of the danger of accommodating the Gospel to current and sub-Christian ideas, and expressing it in violent and misleading metaphors. Jewish apocalyptic language and literature have never been easy for the Graeco-Roman or even for the European world to understand. Even if Jesus himself on occasion and to a Semitic audience spoke in such imagery (and this imagery is indeed appropriate to certain types of cataclysmic religious experience) the significance of it has always been and still is a source of misunderstanding to Christendom, and of criticism to its enemies.

This phase of St. Paul's thought is indeed of abiding importance as a warning. Throughout the centuries the tendency to patch the new robe of Christ on to the old garments of non-Christian traditions and cultures has been repeatedly manifest. Even today the mission-field is full of versions of Christian faith which in fact deny the spirit and sufficiency of Christ and degrade him to the level of an advocate for beliefs and practices plainly repugnant to the revelation in him.

We must recognise that in his early years St. Paul had not grasped the plain fact that if Christ was like God, then God must be like Christ. As we do so, we shall discover how far we ourselves have failed to rethink our concept of God and our understanding of

humanity, individual and corporate, in truly Christ-centred terms. One has only to think of the acceptance by so many Christians of the necessity for atomic warfare to acknowledge how far we all fall short of that fullness of the stature of Christ to which the Apostle would summon us. We, too, can accept a conversion-experience of Christ as risen and vindicated, but without any serious attempt to abandon our previous notions of divine power or wisdom or to condemn our own standards of domination and deterrence or even of competition and success.

This first example of how the revelation in

Christ could be misunderstood if it was interpreted in the violent metaphors and catastrophic background of Semitic imagery is one that in our own day has led to acute controversies even among scholars. The crude Second Adventism which postpones all Christian hope until the literal descent of Christ in glory has haunted Christendom from medieval Catholicism to modern Fundamentalism; and in spite of the evident transformation and replacement of such language not only by St. Paul but by St. John it still appears as an essential element in most orthodox circles.

Even at the great World Council of Churches at Evanston it was obvious that for many delegates Christ was not the Hope of the World here and now but only its Hope in terms of the belief that some day he would miraculously appear and bring the world as we know it to an end. We shall see how completely such an expectation distorts and contradicts St. Paul's later and richer teaching.

—General Overseas Service

The price of *Jesus in the Background of History*, mentioned by Canon Raven in the talk published last week, is 16s.

Portrait of a Great-uncle

By ANDREW WORDSWORTH

WHEN my great-uncle Charles was skating at Harrow in the winter of 1824, he fell over backwards and crashed through the ice. 'I did not reach the bottom', he writes to his brother Christopher, 'but stretching my arms (in a most indescribable manner) on both sides of my coffin, I sprang out again as fast as I fell in. "It's lucky the gentleman's got a good deal of spring in him", were the first words that saluted my ears when I found myself safe upon the ice again'.

Charles Wordsworth had this quality of spring, which the Victorians called eagerness or sprightliness; he had first-class intellectual ability; in his lifetime, he achieved distinction. But though he enjoyed in great measure the favour of the great, the greatness for which he longed so much eluded him. If he is considered great in the future, it will be for something which has not yet happened.

His abilities, his looks—at the age of twenty-five there is a likeness of him: tall, handsome and curly-haired—and his quality of spring enabled him to achieve considerable success, as a schoolboy, as an undergraduate, and as a schoolmaster. But it was not until he became Bishop of St. Andrews that he embarked on what was to become his main task in life; and, in his lifetime, at any rate, in this alone he was not to succeed.

But both successful and unsuccessful, Charles Wordsworth was enormously pleased with himself. Much of this egoism was of that agreeable kind which his uncle, the poet, called 'being pleased with his own volitions'—that is, enjoying his own mental landscape. Some of it was the pure pleasure of self-congratulation. For this he relied mainly on his friends. 'It is obvious that if my readers were to be enabled to judge of the improvements I effected . . . the revelation must come from others rather than myself'. Actually, the revelation came from others as well, but largely from his own pen. His life is remarkably available for scrutiny because he spent the eighty-third to the eighty-sixth year of it writing his autobiography, in three volumes. There was so much evidence. He kept every letter that was ever written to him and printed almost every word of eulogy ever penned about

him. It was a life of letters and congratulations.

And he had a lot to congratulate himself on. He was born on August 22, 1806—if not into the purple, quite near it. For his father, Christopher Wordsworth, was domestic chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the archbishop and

highest. Not that the highest are always the best, but because if disgusted there, we can at any time descend; but if we begin with the lowest, to ascend is impossible. In the 'grand theatre of human life, a box ticket takes us through the house'. And a box ticket he consistently had.

His great friend at Harrow was the future Cardinal Manning. It was with Manning that Charles accepted the invitation of two midshipmen to share a bottle of champagne in the garden of 'The King's Head', and, on warning of the headmaster's arrival, had to escape by leaping the hedge. If he fell out at quoits, it must be with the future Archbishop Trench, whose Irish temper he punished so severely that Trench had to visit a dentist: 'Perhaps it was desirable for the formation and development of both our characters', was Charles' comment.

As a tutor at Oxford his pupils included Manning, Francis Doyle, Charles James Canning (later Governor of India), and Gladstone. In fact, it was Gladstone who was to determine the main direction of Wordsworth's life, by insisting with all the warmth of personal friendship that he should become the first Warden of Trinity College, Glenalmond.

When Charles, believing that 'Establishment is God's Plan for the Church', from talking to Gladstone realised that he intended to disestablish the Anglican Church in Ireland, he not only refused to support him at the Oxford election of 1847 but wrote letters to everyone to explain why he was opposing him. Four years later he went further still. Gladstone was present at the opening of the school chapel at Glenalmond, built at the cost of £4,000 of Charles Wordsworth's own money—a sum, incidentally, that he could ill afford. Wordsworth, however, used the occasion to preach against Gladstone's ecclesiastical policy. Gladstone declared that he was not offended, and Wordsworth wrote: 'His regret in listening to sermons such as mine was but one and simple: "that high minded and noble effort should be employed without result"'. It did, however, have a result: two of Gladstone's unpublished letters suggested that Wordsworth's forwardness in controversy was unsuitable for a headmaster, and for this reason the mismanagement of the



Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews (1806-1892)

his uncle, the poet, were his godfathers. For the rest of his life, the poet wrote to him often, never saying anything very interesting except twice, when he told Charles he valued emulation too much. 'I', said William, 'am not indebted to emulation for my attainments, whatever they may be'.

His association with what he himself called 'the best people' was to last him throughout his life. As he wrote in his diary at Oxford: 'Rode to Blenheim with Manning. . . In all societies, it is advisable to associate, if possible, with the

Glenalmond finances was seized upon, I suspect, to force Charles' resignation.

Wordsworth's own comment on Gladstone was that his father had told him that Gladstone was not unable, but unstable—and nearly twenty years after he left Glenalmond he still felt able to request Gladstone, at this time Prime Minister, to obtain for him a fellowship of Winchester.

Charles Wordsworth had other reasons to congratulate himself. Too delicate for Winchester, then—as the unfortunate Trollope discovered—the toughest of English schools, he went to Harrow. There he discovered 'an intense pleasure in games, chiefly for their own sakes, but in some measure for the distinction . . . which success in them never fails to bring with it'. At Harrow he played in the first regular cricket match against Eton: this was in 1822 (he explains that the match in 1805 in which Byron played was irregular). On this occasion his left-handed bowling was so successful that Eton was forced to be the first public school to hire a professional coach. Charles' brother Christopher was strong enough to go to Winchester, and, probably as a result of this, in 1825 the first cricket match between Harrow and Winchester took place. This time, Charles' bowling appears to have been equally accurate. The score card opens: 'Wordsworth bowled Wordsworth—3'.

Boat Race Beginning

At Oxford, Charles was the best skater, the second player of royal tennis; but he still found time to play cricket and row as well. I do not know that he would have been altogether pleased that posterity should think of him mainly as the 'father of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race'. Ironically, however, it is for this that he is mainly remembered today. He accomplished it quite nonchalantly because, as he explained afterwards, he happened to live in Cambridge and to be up at Oxford. In the first race, in 1829, he rowed No. 4 in the Oxford boat: that was on a Wednesday. Two days later, on the Friday, he captained Oxford against Cambridge at cricket, an experience unlikely to be repeated—especially as Oxford won at Lord's as easily as at Henley.

No doubt Wordsworth would rather be remembered as an athlete than not remembered at all. Yet he always regarded games as secondary, and in later life he was horrified at the importance they had assumed in public schools. It was his academic and not his athletic achievements that had attracted Gladstone and Manning. He was also the best versifier of his time—that is, when he was writing in Latin: in English, he was not so successful. On a visit to the Louvre, he fell in love with a very beautiful English girl. In the poem he wrote to celebrate the occasion, he addressed his love as 'nature's *chef d'oeuvre*' in order to make her rhyme with 'Louvre'. They were married, however, not long after, but to his great grief she died in giving birth to their first child.

The verses he wrote to her memory have a genuine inspiration the earlier ones lacked. This elegiac couplet inscribed in Winchester Chapel has, perhaps, the stamp of greatness that eluded Charles elsewhere:

*I, nimium dilecta vocat Deus; I, bona nostrae
Pars animae; maerens altera, discere sequi.*

Classical scholarship and success at games

have come to be closely identified with the English public-school system. Charles Wordsworth was pre-eminent at both. The twentieth century conception of the public school probably owes as much to Wordsworth as it does to more famous men, like Dr. Arnold and Dr. Moberly. He left a permanent legacy at three of the most famous schools, but of these it was a Scottish one, Glenalmond, that was to owe most to him.

Archetype of Public Schoolboy

On leaving Harrow, he says: 'I seemed to realise that I had been happier at Harrow than I could ever hope to be again'. He seems almost the archetype of the English public schoolboy. It is hardly surprising that Dr. Arnold wanted him for his second master at Rugby. But he preferred to go to Winchester. In his own mind, he was the reformer of Winchester, and it is certain that the school was reformed during the long head-mastership of Dr. Moberly, which started when Wordsworth became second master.

The question of Wordsworth's influence is a vexed one. Moberly claimed that he owed more to a few casual remarks of Thomas Arnold than to the advice or example of any other person. Wordsworth felt that he himself had 'a full share, a real and independent share in whatever changes for the better had taken place'. And, he protested, 'I had not come under Arnold's influence. I knew nothing of the great work he had been doing at Rugby'. This was not for the want of telling, for even before he took up his duties at Winchester, Roundell Palmer was writing to him (in a significantly unpublished letter) about the improved system at Rugby, and suggesting that Wordsworth should follow Arnold's example in separating the younger from the older boys, and in introducing a compulsory modern language.

I do not think he did either of these things. However, he drained the Meads cricket ground, introduced singing practice, and wrote a Greek grammar which was to become the standard work for thirty years. He wished to be remembered chiefly for his improvement of the religious tone of the college. Historians of Winchester recall that he was the first to have 'a house-master's mind'. But they say he had favourites—'Holy Joes'—a phrase invented there and then to describe them after a sermon in which Wordsworth explained why 'Israel loved Joseph more than all his children'.

He was still under forty when he resigned from Winchester on doctor's orders. He had exhausted himself. Gladstone insisted that his friend should become first Warden of Trinity College, a new school for boys. His wardenship lasted seven years, during which he founded what one might call 'a prayer-book public school'; the daily services were sung in full by the whole school dressed in surplices (the story that they played cricket in their surplices was, of course, not true).

Voting Himself Bishop

While still Warden, he became a Presbyterian of the Diocese of St. Andrews, and when the see fell vacant, was persuaded that it was his duty to vote for himself, and did so. In fact, he did so twice, and was elected Bishop by nine votes to eight, amidst such accusations as 'Want of judgement, want of tact'. As Bishop, he was

continually involved in further controversy. The Episcopal Church of Scotland was very small. But it was at this time the centre of the aspirations of the Puseyites. Wordsworth was firmly opposed to tendencies which seemed conducive to Roman Catholicism. The parties pursued each other with sermon, pamphlet, and letter for twenty-five years.

It was the period of the eucharistic controversy, and for most of this time Wordsworth was excluded from his own Cathedral—Butterfield's new building of St. Ninian's at Perth. Only three per cent. of his diocese were members of his church. The others belonged to the Church of Scotland which, in his opinion, erred not so much in its religious beliefs as in its form of church government. Therefore he became the leader of the cause of reunion between the Episcopalian Church and the Church of Scotland. It was his task to convince the Presbyterians, on the one hand, that the Rule of Bishops was ordained in the Scriptures; and the Episcopalians, on the other, that concessions could properly be made.

Claim to Greatness

The meetings held earlier this year between the two Churches have taken up where Wordsworth left off when he died in 1892. The arguments used and the concessions advocated have been those that he originated. The last thirty years of his life were the period of what will, I believe, prove to be his greatest work. He had become a man of peace, loved and revered by the Presbyterians and Episcopalians alike. No man in the nineteenth century did more to bring them together, and for this, I think, my uncle has a claim to be remembered as a great man.—*Third Programme*

The Bat

Nothing so formidable had been expected
For a long time. One minute
There was the room with books and bed
In obsessive order, much too clean.
The next, to cut it somehow short,
Reason ducked; the bat dived in.

A few blind swoops at the lamp—
Sheer haste—a scrabbling thump
As flesh met stone, met wood, met glass,
And then it paused, hung in a corner,
Moth-eaten mantis, charred mouse,
Pulsating stain with claws of leather.

Just a bat clinging to a pastel wall!
Could it not be sheeted, snared,
Tossed back through the fanlight, address
unknown?
This twitter and buzz could be almost a bird
In hands sane enough to tell
What should or must be done.

It is done. There's always a way out
Practically speaking. Is it a wonder
That these walls are not as blameless
As they were? It happened here as anywhere.
One patient invention of the living night
Brought its peculiar grace.

PATRICIA AVIS

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Tribunals on Trial

Sir.—Mr. H. W. R. Wade's admirable talk on tribunals (THE LISTENER, August 22) does not make it clear that an appellant's main difficulty is his inability to compel the attendance of witnesses. The strongest case becomes a weak one when important witnesses are absent. Another point which, so far as I know, has never been tested in the courts, is the degree of privilege attaching to tribunal proceedings. Whether they should share the absolute privilege of the courts may be doubtful, but appellants should be freed from the fear of libel proceedings consequent upon their evidence.

Yours, etc.,

Olney

R. C. HORWOOD

South American Impressions

Sir.—There are several reasons why the South Americans have had a 'weakness' (Mr. A. P. Ryan's word in THE LISTENER of August 22) for strong men as rulers. But the suggestion that when each new dictator arises the South Americans hope that he will emulate Napoleon as 'a liberator of nations' is of doubtful validity. It is true that Napoleon's invasion of Spain was one of the main causes of the breaking up of the Empire; but the placing of a Buonaparte on the throne of the mother country was far from being regarded as an act of 'liberation'.

Perhaps the chief reason for the South Americans' traditional preference for rule by a strong man is simply that, since the days of Pizarro and the other *conquistadores*, they have always admired men strong enough to overcome great geographical and human obstacles. More than once this preference has led them to support an unworthy *caudillo*.

Yours, etc.,

Frinton-on-Sea

GEORGE PENDLE

Reminiscences of Gilbert Murray

Sir.—With, I am sure, many others, I am grateful to Arnold Toynbee for his 'Reminiscences of Gilbert Murray' published by you in THE LISTENER of August 22. May I make a few relevant comments, with reference especially to Murray's 'sharply critical' attitude to 'religion in its traditional forms'?

In 1953 he was invited by the Modern Churchmen's Union (well known to thoughtful people for its endeavour to promote liberal thought in the Church of England, and a society within that Church) to give a paper at its annual conference that year in Oxford. His theme was 'The Future of Religion' and the paper was duly published in *The Modern Churchman*. I had a letter from him just after the conference in which he said how glad he was to find so liberal a body of Christians in this Union.

While, no doubt, it is historically true that the 'negative effect' of his early theological teaching directed much of his critical thought, it was, in my own view, his unrepentant liberal-

ism which inspired him in all he wrote and said. This liberalism was at a deeper level than Arnold Toynbee suggests or makes clear. It is not subject to 'history', 'psychology', or, in modern terms, 'propaganda'.

May I add this, from his Halley Stewart Lectures for 1928? Here is a humble 'rationalism' and the courageous questing of the moral and spiritual rebel.

Man has, in the last issue, only one weapon for dealing with the innumerable problems which bewilder and which may destroy him, the weapon of thought. Thought may go wrong; but it is the best guide we have, if it is patient, if it is based on study, if unwarping by personal interests and moved by the spirit of goodwill. Need we ask for more? Yes, just a little more. We may ask something of that spirit which, since the very beginning of history, men have expected and found in the average common soldier—a will to endure hardship for the sake of duty and to use life as one who knows of things better than life.

Yours, etc.,

Dorington

C. J. WRIGHT

Management and the Shareholder

Sir.—Mr. Pennington's talk (THE LISTENER, August 22) shows very clearly the impossibility of the average shareholder exerting any influence over the affairs of companies in which he has invested. He also points out the difficulty of remedying the defect. Among the proprietors, as they are called, of any large public company there is always a minority who, understanding and taking an intelligent interest in its management, may attend and vote at meetings only to find themselves outvoted by those who, living in various parts of the country and being quite ignorant of such matters, obediently comply with the request to appoint the nominees of the directors as their proxies. This of course gives the Board complete independence.

It is certainly not desirable to encourage merely officious interference with the directors, but the Companies Act might at least make their canvassing for support in that way illegal. Shareholders who wish to vote but cannot attend in person should appoint their own proxies, duly informed of their wishes, without such interested advice by strangers. A statement issued by an American company in January 1940 gives the total cost of printing, postage, clerical and other expenses of sending out proxy forms for a meeting to be held in the following March as \$2,500. Since then, of course, there has been a fantastic increase in all costs and charges. As far as I know, such information is not provided by our companies.

Yours, etc.,

Dorking

F. FAIRER SMITH

The Canadian General Election

Sir.—I have followed this correspondence with great interest and now find we are back again with M. de Ségur. This time, instead of attacking Toronto and the Easterners, he attacks

western Canada, and in particular, the British Columbians. According to him life in western Canada is both pseudo-British and provincial middle-western American—a mixture of fascinating possibilities!

Space does not permit an analysis of M. de Ségur's extraordinary letter; suffice it to say that, to an ordinary Canadian like myself, it makes very little sense. However, I must mention two things. First, having lived for years in British Columbia, I don't remember seeing a ten-gallon hat west of the Great Divide. But I do remember seeing topis, khaki drill shorts, deerstalkers, and white gloves in the woods. Yes, we have many English in British Columbia; far from being 'pseudo' they are refreshingly genuine. Some of them are quaint, and who would have them otherwise? Are there no quaint Canadians in England? It is quite true that the inhabitants of Victoria, B.C., consistently fool the Americans with their 'Little Bit of Old England', which pastime affords them much merriment and no little cash!

Secondly, this letter by M. de Ségur is an excellent illustration of what Canada is up against in dealing with her minority problem. For example, whence the assumption that 'French-Canadians were the first and will be the last Canadians?' The words 'last Canadians' imply a narrow-mindedness which is ominously permanent. One can detect no desire for a more enlightened relationship with the rest of Canada: it is a point of view which excludes joint-progress, both social and political.

How is it that a French Canadian can support the Commonwealth, as M. de Ségur claims to do, and at the same time dissociate himself from Canada, as he so scathingly does?

The Province of Quebec might well be called 'Canada's Contradiction'.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.3

DIANE HAMMOND

Richard Jefferies

Sir.—I agree with your reviewer of *Field and Farm* by Richard Jefferies, edited by Samuel J. Looker (THE LISTENER, August 15) that what is now required on Jefferies' behalf is 'a detailed and impartial study' of his work. It may be of interest to know that Mr. Looker, who has spent a long life in the study of Jefferies, and has the bulk of his papers, etc., announced from the platform in Swindon during the Jefferies Centenary in 1948 that in 1950 he hoped to publish the definitive Life in two volumes.

Before a modern assessment of Jefferies can be made it is essential that all the biographical detail now available be published. If Mr. Looker does not intend to publish his Life I suggest he would further the propagation of Jefferies to the younger generation by publishing his letters, etc., for unless this is done the Wiltshire genius will rest where Edward Thomas left him in 1909.

Yours, etc.,

Watford

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Art

Monet in the Twentieth Century

By LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

MONET, near the end of his long life, told his friend and biographer Geffroy that the new movements in art denied impressionism in order to 'preach the solidity of unified volume'. So influential was this view that even John Rewald, the historian of impressionism, who ought to have been able to oppose it if anyone could, complained that Monet in his late work 'abandoned form completely'. As a result of this formalist bias appreciation of Monet narrowed down to the early classical phase of impressionism at the expense of the later work. Recently, however, connections have been drawn between Monet's late paintings of the 'Nymphéas' and American abstract painting. In both there is a free and lavish display of paint and a kind of space that unfolds expansively instead of leading back into the distance.

A major event at this year's Edinburgh Festival is a collection of over 100 Monets, arranged by Douglas Cooper, who writes that this 'exhibition will have fulfilled its purpose if it leads to the revaluation of a great *œuvre*'. He does not consider that the revaluation begun in America has a future: 'the true greatness' of Monet is yet to be discovered. Mr. Cooper opposes the American view without going far into the matter and without giving any bibliographical information. He does little more than quote a few lines from Alfred Barr, who is not one of the Americans originally responsible for the new approach. What, then, in his long introduction and ample catalogue notes, does Mr. Cooper propose towards his own revaluation of Monet?

With terms used by Barr, Mr. Cooper describes early naturalistic impressionism (up to and including the 'Gare St. Lazare' series of 1877) as the product of Monet the 'eye', and the later work as the product of Monet the 'brain' behind the eye. This movement from an apparent objectivity to a statement of artistic will is, of course, the general pattern of post-impressionism. Mr. Cooper maintains that Monet remained an impressionist throughout his life and that in his later works he merely sought 'new and different types of impression'. Given the recording-eye theory of impressionism this raises problems, but Mr. Cooper is anxious to preserve a secure visual foundation for Monet's *œuvre*, against the abstract impressionist interpretation.

Clearly Monet had a marvellous sensitivity to

the times of the day and the nature of the place. In his early works, for example, painted in northern France, Holland, and London, his definition of the moist, windy, moderately-scaled landscape is apt and precise. There is a cluster of anecdotes that dramatise this aspect of Monet at work: once a carpenter had to be called to saw buds off a tree that sprouted while Monet was in the middle of painting it; another time

little dancing strokes in every direction like straws of colour'. Monet's paint never disappears completely into the scene it represents but persists as a real sensual substance. Paint is, unmistakably, paint as well as impressions of a world, even in such naturalistic views as the two canvases of 'La Grenouillère' (1869) in the present exhibition.

Monet always preserved his point of departure in nature, keeping it visible through the paint. On the other hand, he employed conspicuous pigment and random collections of marks with a vivid, physical intensity. He seems to have accepted a dualism in which the complexity of his handling permitted paint to function both in a descriptive capacity and as a record of his creative manual actions.

In the 'Nymphéas' series nature is present, but not on the same terms as at La Grenouillère: previously a highly physical painting style was justified by its attachment to nature; later, nature was admitted only in the forms in which it could emerge through a screen of paint. Mr. Cooper believes that the 'Nymphéas' are overrated at present and stresses that Monet's eyesight declined in the twentieth century, so that the late works become symptoms of approaching blindness. He represents Monet as Mr. Magoo at Giverny, a flawed eye, instead



'Le Bloc, Creuse' (1889), by Claude Monet: from the exhibition at the Royal Scottish Academy, Edinburgh

Lent by H.M. Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother

he negotiated for the postponement of the felling of trees he wanted to paint; as he painted out-of-doors in Norway, icicles formed in his beard. Such anecdotes testify to the presence of the artist before the *motif*, and the *motif* is a monster which it is the artist's destiny to fight.

It is true that Monet did struggle with nature—and win—but this does not account for the whole of his art. Indeed it was possible for a painter in the early twentieth century to look at a 'Haystack' by Monet without thinking of the 'eye' at all:

And then suddenly, for the first time in my life, I found myself looking at a real painting. It seemed to me that, without a catalogue in my hand, it would have been impossible to recognise what the painting was meant to represent . . . But what did become clear to me was the previously unimagined, unrevealed, and all surpassing power of the palette. . . . And deep inside of me there was born the first faint doubt as to the importance of an object as the necessary element in a painting. . . .

Kandinsky wrote this in 1913, recognising the powerful presence of Monet's brushwork which Jules Laforgue had described as 'a thousand

of, to use a phrase of the American, Thomas B. Hess, Tithonus at Giverny—an old man trapping a fantastic interior landscape in paint.

Modern appreciation of Monet began with the late work, but his middle period, exceptionally well represented at Edinburgh, will surely follow it into favour. The eighteen-eighties is the period of the turbulent Belle-Isle paintings, which anticipate Van Gogh's wriggling macrocosm, and the amazing Mediterranean pictures so full of high-keyed pinks, blues, and ginger that they seem incandescent, about to explode like an overheated crucible. Monet drastically reduced the conventions of composition, basing the pictorial structure of his paintings almost wholly on colour. Cliff and hill scenes (such as 'Le Bloc, Creuse') and haystacks are plunked down brutally, without any of the usual niceties of design. He travelled much at this time and with amazing virtuosity combined the challenge of new places with sensual celebration of paint. It was in 1894, after identifying the weathered façade of Rouen cathedral with the dense layered surface of his paintings, that he conclusively gave priority to the dominion of paint.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Preliminary Essays. By John Wain. Macmillan. 15s.

THERE is something engaging about Mr. Wain's criticism. He is modest, serious, and intelligent, but his modesty is a matter of tone rather than of intellectual operation—he has his own ideas, freshly worked out and firmly held—and his seriousness does not preclude a colloquial sprightliness in his manner of presentation. The seven essays in this volume are mostly reprinted from various periodicals, and Mr. Wain calls them 'preliminary', he tells us, 'because it takes a long time to become a critic, and I have only been at it for ten years'. They are preliminary in another sense, too: none of them seems to be completely worked out and followed through. Perhaps freshness is better than completeness, and ideas thrown out to stimulate further thought in the reader can be a greater service to the world of letters than attempts to say the last word. Still, it is frustrating to have half-a-dozen pages on A. E. Housman (in 'Notes of Four Victorian Poets') that almost come to grips with the important questions about him (how he combines artfulness and fakery, the meaning of his self-imposed limitations, the reasons for his popularity), but, after one brief but illuminating piece of analysis, swell out into a generalisation and then stop. He is admirable on Hopkins in the same essay, with some lively and perceptive remarks, but when he seems to be moving towards some cogently reasoned evaluation he is liable to turn instead to a quasi-biographical diagnosis or a breezy 'explanation' ('He was a priest whose life was dedicated to God and who happened at the same time to be hypersensitive to sensory impressions').

The essay on 'Restoration Comedy and its Modern Critics' is a sprightly argument for the prosecution, and it contains many bright ideas worth pondering. But it ignores too much. Mr. Wain notes almost with puzzlement that "Love for Love" is in fact pretty direct propaganda for good sexual morality, but of course that was what Congreve himself claimed that it was: his prologue to the play makes it clear that he regarded himself as a satirist whose object was 'to lash this crying age'. And Mr. Wain has nothing to say about the tensions—between wit and virtue in Etherege, between desire and reputation in Congreve—that constitute the real dramatic life of the best Restoration comedies. The contrast between public pretension and private reality provides the real moral and dramatic centre of these plays; there can be critical argument as to how far this really works dramatically, but not to see this theme at all and concentrate on the behaviour of the characters outside the actual context of the plays ('What about Valentine's illegitimate son? Is he to get any share in the warmth and affection that is being slopped about in the last scene?') is surely to exhibit a rather simple moralism. Mr. Wain effectively takes down Professor Dobrée's over-enthusiasm for Congreve's prose style, but analysis of verbal wit on the one hand and of the 'moral' of the plays on the other risks missing the meaning of the plays as plays.

The essay on 'Ovid in English' brings new life to a subject hitherto reserved for the drier

type of academic discussion. The piece on Wordsworth is too scrappy to satisfy: in trying to clarify the Wordsworthian problem he simplifies it in altogether too airy a manner: 'And in fact it is true that the poetry he wrote after about 1807 is in some respects less original and arresting than the earlier work. It is still good, and in many places superb, but it is the work of a skilful, experienced, sensitive poet of the status of, say, Tennyson, rather than of genius. And the earlier poems, flawed as they are, do read like the work of genius. That is all; surely the disputants can calm down'. That is certainly not all, and the disputants would be ill-advised to accept as a final dismissal of the problem this cavalier summary of the difference between the younger and the older Wordsworth. (Mr. Jones' book, *The Egotistical Sublime*, which Mr. Wain says he has not read, would have helped him here.)

The essay on Arnold Bennett, though little more than notes, is perceptive and just—one of the most helpful things written about Bennett for some time. On Pound, Empson, and Dylan Thomas Mr. Wain is again scrappy but suggestive: all three discussions cry out for development. The final essay, 'The Literary Critic in the University', is perhaps the least satisfactory: one feels that Mr. Wain does not really know enough about what is going on in universities on both sides of the Atlantic. (His plea that at least some Ph.D. theses ought to be critical rather than scholarly, for example, betrays ignorance of the fact that well over half of the Ph.D. theses in English now in progress are critical and not scholarly.)

'Literary criticism is the discussion, between equals, of works of literature, with a view to establishing common ground on which judgements of value can be based'. That is Mr. Wain's definition, and criticism of this kind is what he practises. For all its scrappiness, this is a stimulating and helpful book.

The Vanderbilt Feud. By Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. Hutchinson. 21s.

Once when the author was a child he was out driving with his mother in Newport, the summer resort of the very rich of New York. He caught sight of 'a domestic hanging out clothes', and turning to his mother asked, 'Whatever is that lady doing?' His mother smiled and obliquely replied, 'That's not a lady, darling, that's a woman'. Of all the vulgar ideas that gained wide acceptance in the nineteenth century the notion that a lady is someone who never does anything useful with her hands is one of the most grotesque, and that utterance was characteristic of the grotesque society which provides the theme of Mr. Vanderbilt's book—in general, what he calls the struggle for social supremacy among America's 'brash new moneyed aristocracy' at the end of the century, in particular what his sub-title calls the 'fabulous' story of his mother, born Grace Wilson. 'Fabulous' is a vogue-word, and presumably signifies here 'extraordinary but true'.

It must be admitted that in this sense many of the facts recorded or repeated by Mr. Vanderbilt are fabulous: for example, that in 1900, when

Andrew Carnegie drew from his steelworks a personal salary of \$23,000,000, a steelworker earned \$450. The prices and values of things are frequently recorded in these pages, and that is natural enough, because the competitive extravagance of the newly rich in an expansive materialistic setting caused the prices paid for the adjuncts and ornaments of luxury and power to be regarded almost as virtues in themselves. The grotesque ostentation of the 'Four Hundred' round about 1900 has been more amusingly and no less frighteningly recorded, as in Elizabeth Drexel Lehr's *King Lehr and the Gilded Age*. But Mr. Vanderbilt's account of his family's way of life and outlook upon life is well documented. It turns upon a family row: the 'feud' of his title had its origin in the disapproval of his Vanderbilt grandparents for their eldest son's (the author's father's) choice of a bride, who subsequently rose to the height of social eminence in her world.

Mr. Vanderbilt's admiration for his mother, his curiosity about the 'feud', his liking for detail, and his sense of character have enabled him to make his parents' world more understandable. But neither its philanthropy nor its ordinary human virtues evoke much liking or respect, and he is hardly detached enough from its false values. Irony, wit, or a keener sense of the ridiculous might have given flavour to these annals, which are too like a file of faded old gossip-columns retrieved from a demolished brownstone palazzo in Fifth Avenue.

Cities in Flood: The Problems of Urban Growth. By Peter Self. Faber. 21s.

Forty per cent. of Britain's population and the greater part of its wealth is concentrated in the seven large industrial conurbations. Although only one—Birmingham and the West Midlands—has increased its population substantially since the 1931 Census, continuous expansion is forced on all of them by the demand for more space and light which accompanies growing prosperity. If it is agreed that urban life as it is lived in these places is squalid and intolerable, and can only become worse, then there is nothing to do except decide how and where such expansion should be made. That is Mr. Self's conclusion, and his purpose.

His account of post-war efforts to plan for these huge areas shows that the static population of six of them is due to the expansion already accomplished. Large numbers of people have moved into satellite towns (like London's dormitory estates at Debden and Oxhey), development areas (pre-war 'distressed areas'), New Towns and rural districts near the cities. Nevertheless, Glasgow and Manchester, for example, will be struggling to rehouse 300,000 and 225,000 citizens respectively in the next twenty years. The equivalent of fifty more New Towns would be needed to satisfy the needs of the whole country, and one can guess what this amount of dispersal would mean in terms of social and industrial upheaval, aesthetic misery and sheer expense.

Mr. Self's case for it rests on accepting the conurbations' estimates of their surplus population and the implications of their policy of wholesale external expansion. He proposes given

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a vastly-improved planning machinery: everyone agrees about that) a controlled expansion of smaller communities to receive tens of thousands of urban immigrants. Industry would be moved from the conurbations and re-located with the dispersed populations. To accomplish this, firms would be given incentives to move, and urban authorities persuaded to 'extinguish employment' by buying up vacant industrial premises. This would prevent other firms filling the gaps and starting a new influx of population.

Like any other set of proposals for the accommodation of such numbers, this one promises to be both hazardous and expensive. Firms could not be blamed if they charged a high, and a rising, price for leaving their urban premises (and an easy labour supply) to settle elsewhere. In fact, the high cost and the economic risk of industrial dispersal, coupled with the danger to urban and rural amenity involved in giving even a tentative 'go-ahead' to expanding urban authorities, gives rise to grave doubts about the whole policy. Dispersal of population on this scale would be something approaching a panic measure. It would be highly dangerous to make a general policy of it before there has been a responsible scrutiny of all 'overspill' figures and a careful investigation of all alternatives in individual cases, by expert planners concerned with industrial stability and amenity. There was so much in the past that might have been preserved or improved by adopting the right kind of restraint in planning.

Collected Poems. By John Pudney.

Putnam. 18s.

Poems 1943-1956. By Richard Wilbur.

Faber. 15s.

It is a fairly safe bet—such is the pull of the past—that anyone in the thirty to forty age bracket who gets hold of Mr. Pudney's collected poems will turn first to the third section of the book. It is called 'For Johnny'...

Do not despair
For Johnny head in air,
He sleeps as sound
As Johnny underground.

The memories can't help crowding in: Johnny, Smith ('no roses at the end/Of Smith, my friend'), the way to the stars, Flying Officer X, all the splendours and miseries of 1940; and Mr. Pudney's brilliantly accurate, bitter-sweet verses still speak across the years most hauntingly, like good popular songs, and will probably go on doing so as long as what they speak of is remembered, which is fame enough for any poet. Besides 'For Johnny', other early sections of the book—'Moods of the Sea', 'Images of War'—have the same documentary skill, the same exact, familiar blend of the romantic and the throw-away, matter-of-fact: this is indeed 'the way we thought it was'. In some of the later poems, the romantic element is sometimes over-emphasised. But the accomplishment and the understanding remain, and the volume as a whole (except for some funny animal poems which should have been left out) should give a good deal of pleasure, particularly, perhaps, in places where poetry and pleasure are not generally thought of together.

Mr. Pudney is a very English writer, in respect both of his virtues and his weaknesses. Mr. Richard Wilbur, whose *Poems 1943-1956* is a selection, made by himself, from three earlier volumes, is an American poet not previously

published over here in book form. His is an entirely different world, American in its fastidious linguistic taste, but, beyond that, a world of sheer poetry, self-contained and self-defining, complete in itself, owing nothing to the extraneous accidents of local memories shared. His work has great charm, but also a kind of determined, impervious impersonality, that shining chameleon impersonality which comes from a *persona* carefully chosen and worn with style; an immense resourcefulness, variety and clarity in the Pound-Auden tradition. Mr. Wilbur has an attractive wit, well used both on the level of description, as in the delightful poem about a small boy gazing out of a window and feeling sorry for the snowman left out there in the cold, and also in the intellectual sense, as in one short poem called 'Mind' in which the human mind is compared to a bat in a cave, which knows where the obstacles are and so is able to fly perfectly even in the dark.

And has this simile a like perfection?
The mind is like a bat. Precisely. Save
That in the very happiest intellection
A graceful error may correct the cave.

It is impossible not to smile with admiration, almost to clap, as at some graceful player in a Wimbledon final. Indeed, at times, Mr. Wilbur seems almost to find it all too easy, this business of writing verse—never a hair out of place, never ruffled: but then maybe connoisseurs don't like any sweat from the effort of creation to remain on the artifact; and there is no doubt that here is an accomplished and agreeable writer, particularly good at light-serious verse (middle-weight but never middlebrow: cf. Auden again), alarmingly intelligent, and writing plumb in the middle of a new but already distinguished tradition.

James Joyce's World

By Patricia Hutchins. Methuen. 30s.

'Trouble is', said Joyce to Stuart Gilbert, 'that I have no imagination'. Yet he had something equally effective for his purpose—memory. 'What is memory but imagination?' he asked defensively of Budgen, and in *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* his ramifying memories of Dublin ran far and wide beyond the confines of Ireland. The student in search of meaning in *Finnegans Wake* may pick up the scent in Dublin, but it will lead him inconclusively across half the fields of Europe. Joyce is like that fabled animal which when pursued broke into a hundred pieces, each of which ran off in a different direction. That is why his work is a happy hunting ground for every sort of exegete, and why the skies of Joycean Dublin today are dark with the wings of thesis-writers coming home to roost.

In *James Joyce's World* Miss Hutchins has given us a book admirably backed by knowledge and informed by modesty. She does not attempt to speculate, but with pinpoint pertinacity and, indeed, piety, she visits the many places at home and abroad where Joyce lived from boyhood to death. She talks about him to his friends and relations, to the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker, the concierge, and all the time she keeps up an apt and running commentary on the man and his work. When we come safe to journey's end of the book we find ourselves in possession of a detailed and fascinating picture of the reticent Joyce whose nature it was 'to assume the enigma of a

manner', who chose to live in silence, exile, and punning, and whose lifework was 'that letter self-penned to one's other, that never-perfect everplanned'. The picture is a changing one. 'Curiously', says an early Dublin acquaintance, 'the man himself when I met him in later life was not very interesting. Unlike Moore and Yeats, he seemed carefully to withhold his real opinions about men and things'. Like Goethe, Joyce consistently refused to answer questions about the meaning of his work. 'There's nothing in the man', declared a disgruntled American who had cornered and interrogated Joyce during a 'party'. 'It must all have gone into his books'. But no man had more varied or devoted friends, and no man demanded, and got, more from his friendships.

It is one of the merits of Miss Hutchins' book that it precisely explains to us how profoundly Joyce was indebted to Ezra Pound for publication and generous encouragement. *James Joyce's World* is a book for which all students of Joyce will be grateful.

To the Four Winds. By Clare Sheridan.

Andre Deutsch. 25s.

This is a striking book. Given the materials available it could hardly be anything else, for Mrs. Sheridan is one of the most enterprising journalists of our time and a very effective writer. She is not, it must at once be admitted, one of those journalists who discern the cause as well as the effect of things and the reader should not expect any profound observations on the many famous men and important events she has seen. She has been on intimate terms with great artists and great politicians but she has little to say about art or politics; her perception of history, like her perception of sculptural form, is at once personal and superficial. Her story must be read as a tale of adventure, the exploits of a woman who, with a hundredweight of clay under one arm and a notebook under the other, set out to 'bag' the world's celebrities and, being young, beautiful, obstinate and incredibly brave, obtained a great many interviews and executed a large number of indifferent portrait busts. With a humour, which is at times half unconscious, she describes her encounters: her interview (courting a fate worse than death) with Mussolini, her meeting amidst the smoking ruins of Smyrna with Kemal, her flirtations with Franklin Bouillon and Charlie Chaplin, her final capture and immortalisation of her cousin Winston Churchill.

She has indeed known everyone and, although she has a highly developed sense of reverence and writes with something like awe of Axel Munthe, Gandhi, Count Keyserling and the Pope, she is quite devoid of worldly snobbery. Indeed, at times, she is splendidly impertinent. A certain quality of romantic anarchism made her capable of breaking down the defences of officials and enabled her to cross the Ukraine on a motor bicycle or the Sahara on a camel; it made her at home in every possible world—even the next one. In religion, she seems in more senses than one to be catholic.

The best part of the book is that which deals with her first visit to Russia, immediately after the revolution. It is typical that she left for Russia in the autumn without taking an overcoat. The unfortunate Kamenev, who had promised to return from his London mission

with a new hat for his wife and came back instead with a mackintosh and an attractive sculptress was equally improvident; his em-

barrassment is very nicely described. The whole of the Moscow visit, the personalities of the Bolshevik leaders, the miserable discomforts of

H. G. Wells and the atmosphere of Moscow at that extraordinary crisis of the world's history, is excellent.

New Novels

A Father and His Fate. By I. Compton-Burnett. Gollancz. 13s. 6d.

Up and Out. By John Cowper Powys. Macdonald. 15s.

Mitsou. By Colette. Translated by Raymond Postgate. Secker and Warburg. 10s. 6d.

The Hump Organisation. By Corelli Barnett. Wingate. 13s. 6d.

IT may be that, even now, there are still persons who have to be urged to read the novels of Miss Compton-Burnett; but the battle is surely more or less won, her uniqueness and the fact of her uniqueness are more or less accepted, and she begins to take her rightful place in the none too long succession of really great English women novelists—and as the first and only one to whom that accolade so casually applied by their publishers to every twopenny lady scribbler, 'Writes with all the charm and wit of Jane Austen', in truth belongs.

For Miss Compton-Burnett has all the quietly devastating wit, the disingenuous tautness of surface, the knowledge of the heart-springs moving below the social word, that distinguish the immortal Jane—and without being in any way derivative from her or dependent on her. They stand, the future will surely decide, as equal sovereigns within a single great tradition, products of recognisably the same society (in the wider historical sense) and of sufficiently equal attitudes to that society, but nevertheless each entirely 'free-standing'—to use the current sculptural cant—and self-sufficient.

The new novel, *A Father and His Fate*, has been described by Mr. Evelyn Waugh as 'Op XV', and it is worth taking his hint a little farther. Miss Compton-Burnett's extremely personal art is surely that of chamber-music, and of chamber-music of a period that is early, tight and strict. The closed and bounded nature of her form—the invariable big dateless house, the absence of all outside contacts and plenitude of contacts within—resembles that of fugue or cavatina. Within the rigidity of her adopted rules (and all classical artists know, with this authoress, that formal strictness is interpretative freedom) her characters elaborate and modulate their personal themes like so many instruments speaking, now alone, more usually in counter-points and harmonies with others.

And—what (I think) has always been the most difficultly grasped, and for that matter the least discussed, aspect of her art—her dialogue eschews, like good music, all attempt at the realism of everyday. It is surely failure to understand her dialogue-convention that has blinded most unsuccessful readers to the pleasure that this writer could, if properly appreciated, give: for of course what each speaker 'says', in the novel, is not a transcript of what he or she would have said in 'real life' but rather of what would have been said *plus* what would have been implied but not spoken *plus* what would have been understood though not implied—and then all this, operating now on one, now on another or upon a couple or all three, of these levels, expressed not in the halting apology-sentences of most of our actual speech but in the glittering scalpel-sharp idiom of Miss Compton-Burnett herself.

It is always difficult to quote from this author, for every sentence takes on its peculiar relevance from its context, and it is not really fair to extract it. But consider the following, premising that Verena, at one time engaged to Miles, has subsequently married his nephew (who lives with, and on, Miles) and has now announced the prospect of an heir:

'Which do you want, Verena, a son or a daughter?' said Miss Gibbon.

'I would much rather have a son'.

'Be careful', said Constance. 'You may have a daughter'.

'Well, she cannot overhear at this stage', said Nigel.

'Ah, ha! No, she can't', said Miles. 'But she might come to know it. What a thing to say for the first word you utter! I hardly knew you were here'.

'We were told to be seen and not heard', said Rudolf. [Nigel's brother]. 'And we do not even seem to have achieved the first'.

'If I have a son, he cannot live here', said Verena. 'He must be brought up in a house where his mother is mistress'.

'Then I hope you will not have one', said Miles, using an easy tone. 'Because there is no such house'.

The economy, the 'surface tension', of this passage is that of the book and, for that matter, of its author's entire work, and it is an achievement difficult to parallel in this or in any other language. For the rest, it is enough to state that *A Father and His Fate* is a particularly choice example, written with perhaps just a touch more mellowness than formerly, with less of bitterness and more of sweetness and of total acceptance, but with absolutely nothing less of control.

Miss Compton-Burnett is beginning, at belated last, to receive her full due. Mr. John Cowper Powys, although he is the author of half a dozen most remarkable novels and of one undoubted masterpiece (*A Glastonbury Romance*) is not, although he has waited, with the greatest courtesy, until he is within a stone's throw of ninety to see if we shall not finally come to our senses about him. Must we keep him waiting longer? And should not public recognition be added to private? This said, however, it must be confessed that *Up and Out* can be recommended to *dévots* only—it is too idiosyncratic, and relies for full understanding too much upon a knowledge of Mr. Powys' other work, to be prescribed to the casual and uninstructed reader.

The book consists of a couple of long stories that in another writer would be termed 'science fiction', and in which the author, relaxing all formal control, has evidently let his plot and his imagination carry him where they would. The result is more like the African Freudian-fantasies of Mr. Amos Tutuola than anything this side of the Pillars of Hercules, and the

reader must be prepared for scenes in which the protagonists are Oom, Lorlt, Horlt, Rorlt, Achilles' heel, Mahomet's sandal, King Alfred's cake, Jael's nail, a fragment of the seventh commandment with the 'Thou shalt not' broken off from it, and a Big Toe from China.

Colette, on the other hand, came to her thoroughly well-deserved recognition long ago and is, I hope, being duly devoured in Messrs. Secker's neat and inexpensive little edition. The publishers do seem to suggest, however (by reference to *Mitsou* as a 'period piece', and to its heroine's lack of 'morals' and to her 'seduction—if such a word can be used of complete co-operation'), that one should read Colette as a naughty French author with, so to speak, extreme literary *décolleté* and short skirts.

Perhaps one of this reviewer's own moral cogs is missing, but he must confess that it was not until reading the blurb after reading the book (which is, of course, the correct order) that it struck him that there might be anything shocking in this honest and unilluded, but equally uncynical, account of the love of a music-hall actress and a lieutenant on leave from the trenches. Still less does it seem to him that this is in any way a 'period piece'. It is firmly enough set, of course, like all Colette's novels—in this case in the music-hall world of Paris in 1914-18: but it is the human relations in it that count, and these would have been valid for 1714-18 or 1814-18 and will be for 2014-18 provided there are any humans left to have them. This, written in 1919, is an early Colette, served up in an experimental mixture of 'unstageable drama'—i.e., dramatic dialogue eked out with lovingly descriptive stage-directions ('*A chaise-longue* in three pieces: it would be better in a thousand pieces')—and of transcribed letters: but it is Colette not far below her very best, and nicely translated by Mr. Raymond Postgate. (Though I wish he would not have subtitled it in that arch way 'The Education of Young Ladies' instead of sticking to the literal, and so much more evocative, 'How Girls Learn'. *How* they learn, incidentally, is by falling in love with gentlemen who are much more educated and cultured than they are.)

Mr. Corelli Barnett's *The Hump Organisation* is an amusing trifle about Big Business and how an Un-anxious Young Man does well out of it—though Mr. Barnett is not a second (nor even, *pace* certain eager publishers, a twenty-second) Mr. Waugh. What I find odd, though, is that, turning from Miss Compton-Burnett's *maison close* or Colette's first-war Paris, or even from Mr. Powys' moon, to the rigorously contemporary England of Mr. Barnett, I feel nevertheless only constriction, diminution, emasculation, and fundamental irrelevance, where all might have been expected to be the other way about.

HILARY CORKE

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

War and Peace

I SOMETIMES PAUSE between programmes to guess what was the object of their planners with regard to me their pupil, and I use the word pupil because a large part of my function is to submit to a bombardment of information, important and frivolous, useful and useless, enthralling, amusing, boring.

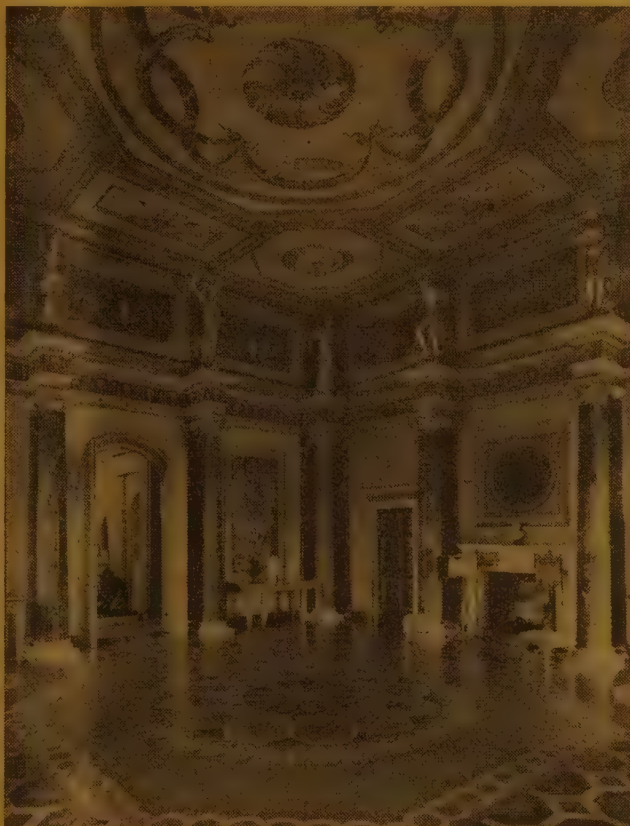
Sometimes of course the answer is ready to hand. In 'The Englishman's Home' last week, which showed Syon House, the masterpiece of Robert Adam, it was clear that John Betjeman's object was to make me share his delighted absorption not only in the magnificent rooms through which he guided us but in minute details of their furnishing and decoration, an object in which he was entirely successful. I have mentioned before how admirably he fills in the element which is so sadly lacking for us viewers by his constant references to colour. At Syon House, colour—the colour and design of furniture, hangings, and carpets, all designed by Robert and James Adam to harmonise with those of the walls and ceilings—is especially significant and Mr. Betjeman's descriptions made my mouth water.

But what object or objects influenced the planners of the programmes on the Air Force, the Navy, and the Army? It was last week's programme on 'Your Army—Now', introduced by Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templer, that brought this question to a head because it carried realism several stages further than the other two, to such a point indeed that for anxious parents it must have proved a powerful deterrent and an inducement only to the toughest and most adventurous of sons. But then it is the tough and adventurous, the physically and emotionally strong and mentally quick-witted and enterprising, that the modern army seeks to attract. For the rest of us—the more sensitive young, the civilian middle-aged, and the buffers—it provided first and foremost, it seemed to me, a terrible warning against what we may expect if we land ourselves in another world war, and, secondly, an exhibition of the extreme efficiency of the army of today.

The assault landings at Warbarrow Bay with tanks, guns, monstrous machines previously unknown to many of us, together with bursting shells, exploding mines and the other grim 'effects' of modern battle, was an amazing spectacle more like the feverish fancies of H. G. Wells' earlier novels than what in fact it was—a few scenes from the training of a modern soldier. The massed airborne attack on Salisbury Plain was less astonishing only because we viewers are already becoming inured to the sight of parachute-troops scattered from aircraft like thistledown on a windy day. The Mobile Defence Corps exercise at Millom, with toppling

buildings, fire, smoke, and casualties, was equally realistic.

The programme was in fact in its most important passages a terrible picture of war as it would be nowadays and it made very strenuous viewing. Consequently the scenes which filled it out to an hour showing embarkation on a troop-



The vestibule of Syon House, Middlesex, shown in 'The Englishman's Home' on August 22

A. F. Kersting

ship at Harwich, the shots in Chelsea Hospital, and finally the performance of 'The Soldiers of the Queen' by the band of the Royal Military School of Music, intended perhaps to restore us to a more civilised atmosphere, must have produced in many viewers as it did in me little more than fatigue and a sense of anti-climax.

Two evenings later an 'Eye to Eye' film made by the B.B.C. North Region showed me sundry persons voluntarily engaged in what they assured me are the pleasures of 'Climbing'. No doubt the brain is more apt to reel and the blood to freeze when we watch others engaged in these enterprises than when attempting them ourselves, but I felt that if the choice were thrust upon me I would unhesitatingly plump for the landing at Warbarrow Bay and the airborne attack on Salisbury Plain rather than scale Nape's Needle in the Lake Dis-

trict or follow Joe Brown up the precipice which seemed to give him little more trouble than I have in going upstairs to bed. The beautiful ease and rhythm with which he achieved it did much to abate the torments of empathy. It was not only a thrilling but a beautiful film which must have required some pretty strenuous climbing from the camera team as well as from the climbers.

In 'Mainly for Women' the Family Affairs panel—Dr. Winifred de Kok, Alice Carter, the Rev. Arthur Morton, and C. A. Joyce, with Olive Shapley in the chair—discussed some very interesting family problems submitted by viewers and gave valuable advice. Dr. de Kok also replies to letters in 'Tell Me, Doctor' which crops up from time to time in these programmes. Beside her wide experience as a physician she has a clear mind, broad human sympathy, and an inspired common sense which make her a pleasure to listen to.

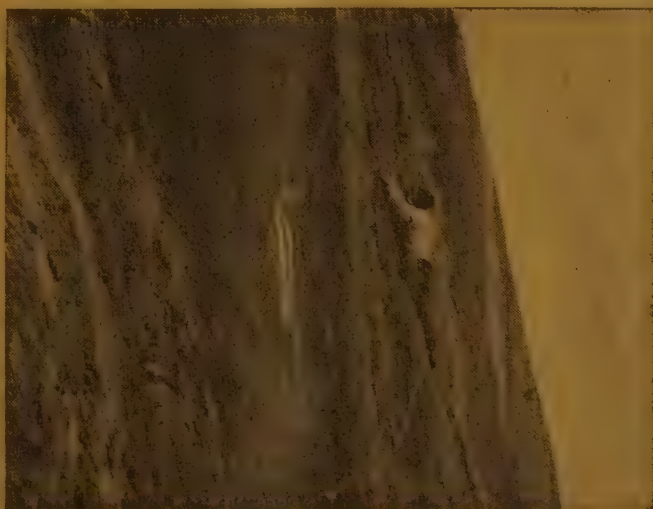
MARTIN ARMSTRONG

DRAMA

Bachelors Gay

I THOUGHT, before seeing 'The Girl at the Next Table', that it was going to be a play of the kind I detest. We have had from America so many bouncing little Broadway comedies about one man and a lot of girls: the unvarying stratagems of the beau and the belles: coy, arch stuff that has made me quiver with agony at any mention of, say, 'The Seven-Year Itch', 'The Moon is Blue', and 'The Tender Trap'. These, with the brightest of Hell's aureoles, do shine supreme, incomparably damned. There are others, I am certain. Mercifully Philip Mackie (a British dramatist) has not added to them.

I am not sure whether to be mainly grateful to Mr. Mackie, or to his leading actor, Ian Carmichael. Fifty-fifty, perhaps. Mr. Carmichael



'Eye to Eye: Climbing' on August 23—Joe Brown on a rock face in North Wales

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

—by the Dram?

THERE ARE to be more plays in the Home Service at peak hours. How? By giving more time to drama in the week as a whole? Or, for instance, by speeding up the standard ninety minutes' traffic of the air and casting girdles round about the earth in approximately forty minutes? Anyway, of nine plays on the Home and Third last week to which I lent a not always willing ear, only one—a routine comedy-thriller—exceeded an hour.

If this is part of the New Look in sound broadcasting it gets a very old-fashioned one from me. A length of less than an hour is all right for relatively few first-class one-act stage plays, for adaptations of suitable long-short stories, and some potted novels. It may even be best for some of the finest original radio scripts. But it is murder for major stage plays, and I hope there will be no attempt either to make fritters of these in the supposed interests of pepped-up programmes or to cut down their number because they no longer fit into the planning jig-saw.

Bitty criticism isn't satisfactory either, but I must say a brief word about five of last week's productions. I am suspicious of the loose-knit, episodic sort of narration which appears to be the Drama Department's basic conception of dramatic form in broadcasting and seems to me all too often merely the old cinematic mistake of putting the medium before the essential matter. But in 'Abandon All Remorse' (Third, Sunday) an episodic form was justified. The piece followed the fortunes of an Irish strolling player. We parted from him, unwillingly, after a hula dancer in Dobson's Comedy Company, with a leaning to infinite variety, had jilted him into an ambition to act Othello.

Another production which justified its itinerant pattern was 'A Flight of Birds' (Home, Monday), a latter-day variation on the theme of young lovers living away from the world. They escape from a concentration-camp, and literally steal out of Germany into France. When a kind old nobleman leaves them his property they run away again. The motive, presumably, is persistent fear of anything that may confine them again to one place, of property as potential



'The Girl at the Next Table' on August 18, with (left to right) Ian Carmichael as Tom, Janette Scott as Judy, Jimmy Thompson as Adrian, and Elvi Hale as Barbara

has a gentle, flickering charm. He quivers round a line like a mayfly surveying the world. He never forces, or merely stands 'mugging' amiably at the camera. I can imagine players who would make of this comedy a penitential rite. Still, there is no need to drag in a vain surmise. All I ask is that Mr. Mackie does not try it again too soon, and that Mr. Carmichael does not play the part too often. It might so easily be forced into a routine.

The comedy begins on one of the many Mornings After: a morning in which Tom is not clear what he said to Barbara on the Night Before. He might well have proposed to her, and that for a resolved bachelor would be tragic. It seems that he did propose. But is it really tragic? Not quite. For an hour and a quarter—a length that must have delighted the planners—we followed Mr. Carmichael through his nervous flutters with Barbara and Helen and Sheila, Rosemary, Pat, Judy, and Margot. He is a bachelor, both (we gather) because he likes it, and because there is always a girl at the next table to distract his attention just when Gilbert's professional bridesmaids would be ready to sing 'Hail the bridegroom! Hail the bride!'

The man is in his thirty-eighth year. Time's chariot is always thundering behind him, and at the end we are not surprised when the strains of the Wedding March are the last sounds in our ears. Between the opening horror and the closing delight Mr. Carmichael and Mr. Mackie have offered a television play that its producer (Stuart Burge) presented with a charming sense of the ridiculous. It is true television material; not just a stage play thrust, protesting, before the cameras. And, blessedly, it is never arch—or hardly ever. The charades that merge into each other like wrecks of a dissolving dream are managed lightly and cheerfully.

Agreed, it is extended revue. Ten minutes more, and we might have been yawning. Fifteen minutes more, and we might have screamed. Mr. Mackie has kept to the right length. We are happy to meet his engaging (or nearly engaging) people: Sheila who married a millionaire on the rebound, Rosemary who had a pony-tail and who lives now in Muswell Hill, Judy who is a 'sitter', and Barbara whose fate is dire.

Her fate may be dire; but we are glad that Mr. Mackie has brought it upon her. He condemns her to marry a young man called Adrian, who is the most keenly observed character in the

piece. He is twenty-six, a pushing young particle, selfish, insolent, and silly. 'We're at different ages', he says to the startled Mr. Carmichael. 'We're natural enemies. You're standing in my way'. He has—in that fashionable word—'minimal' charm, and I felt I had met him before somewhere. Jimmy Thompson acted him with amusing bite and relish. It was clear that the young man would begin his married life by keeping a sweet-stall.

There were some other eager performances—those by Elvi Hale and Janette Scott. But it was Mr. Carmichael's night as the bachelor gay described (wickedly) as a television producer. The line of potential producers probably stretches already from Lime Grove to Lhasa; and Mr. Mackie's work may have lengthened the roll.

In 'A Tale of Two Cities' that bachelor gay, Sydney Carton, drifts round London in lazy



Scene from 'Gaieté Parisienne', danced by the Royal Swedish Ballet in a television programme on August 25: Verner Klavsen (left) as the Baron, Elsa Marianne von Rosen as the Gloveseller, and Björn Holmgren as the Peruvian

urbanity. Peter Wyngarde acts him without exaggeration—it would be so easy to make Carton stagger to doom long before he need do so—and, from the latest instalment, I shall also remember Joan Duan's Mrs. Cruncher. She is the resurrection-man's wife who is given to 'flopping' with the regularity of a minute-gun at sea; and Miss Duan, in what must have been a trying five minutes or so for her knees, 'flopped' with the most agreeable determination. Her puckered countenance and sagging knees stay happily in mind.

Here is the week's runner-up to Mr. Carmichael, of whom I can say, with Mrs. Cruncher, 'I wasn't prayin' agin you. I was prayin' for you'.

A second runner-up is Terry Hall's Lenny the Lion: he had some roaring ideas of his own about the lighting of Blackpool.

J. C. TREWIN



'Time and the Conways' by J. B. Priestley on August 25, with (left to right) Gwen Watford as Kay, Marie Ney as Mrs. Conway, Sarah Lawson (behind) as Hazel, and Caroline Denzil as Carol

prison, but the script somehow failed to put this strongly enough.

'Who Has Seen the Wind' (Home, August 18) was a new production of a Canadian piece about a boy whose journey to manhood is charted by his encounters with death. He loses successively a pigeon, his dog, and his father. The recollections of small-town life on the edge of the prairie rang true, and I thought David Thomson had been particularly skilful in keeping the emotion reticent, as it should be.

There is a strange brush with the wing of death in Anne Ridler's short stage-play 'The Mask' (Third, Tuesday), which I saw acted at a London theatre-club some years ago. It is a play in which one knows what is happening only just enough to know what one is feeling. For that reason it might seem to be suitable for broadcasting. In any case it is a script that would be destroyed by adaptation by anyone but the author.

In the event, it did not successfully take the air. The visible figures are needed to provide some sort of centre for an action whose imaginative metamorphoses are otherwise confusing. Is the traumatic girl the girl who was shot by her young man? Was it only a swan that was shot? Is the young man we meet in the play the one who shot the girl or the bird? Did anybody shoot anything or anybody, or is there only a symbolic account of a death and a rebirth of love on a lakeside of life? In that case, are there two girls or only one?

I doubt whether most listeners who did not already know the play were able to follow what was happening to this 'Seagull' in a suburban park; but at least there was no mistaking the quality of Anne Ridler's imagination and writing. She was well served by Betty Linton, Jill Raymond, and others, in the production by R. D. Smith.

There was some doubt about the death of Aunt Louisa in 'Murder When Necessary' (Home, Saturday). Philip Levene is adroit in the concoction of those little circumstantial slips by which murderers, or would-be murderers, give themselves away at the last moment. The trouble is that the last moment is so long coming, and meanwhile we are stuck with stereotypes reeling off *clichés*, revealing motives galore but not a trace of character between the lot of them. I stuck it for a dutiful hour before switching off and cribbing the end from the script. But why this, alone, was given ninety minutes on the air last week is a mystery to which I can offer no solution.

ROY WALKER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Aspects of the Future

I LIVED for a number of years in the United States. Of all British institutions I found our public schools the most difficult to explain. It is hard enough trying to give an overall picture of secondary education in this country. The American system is so much simpler. All Americans go to high school, moving up grade by grade until they are eighteen. Private schools exist, but however rich and influential may be many of the 'alumni' or parents who send their children, these schools remain on the fringe of the American system. They are not, unlike the great private universities (Harvard, Yale, Stanford, etc.), the central fact of American education.

The central fact of British education is doubtless our public schools. They not only provide a better education but offer their pupils the chance of a better job and a higher income than any other schools, excepting a handful of grammar schools. Above all they offer inestimable

social advantages. However much class-barriers appear to be breaking down, we are still, as a people, inherently class-conscious.

If I found public schools difficult to explain, how much more difficult would I have found the conversation between Mr. Anthony Crosland and Sir John Wolfenden, first broadcast towards the end of July and repeated last week. Sir John played the socratic role in this dialogue; he questioned and ascertained. It was the viewpoint of Mr. Crosland we tried to grasp. Mr. Crosland approved of public schools. What he could not approve of was the fact that only those who could afford so attractive an education should be allowed to pay for it. An *élite* he considered both desirable and inescapable, but not an *élite* chosen by chance of birth and wealth. Nor an intellectual *élite*. Yet what could justify the enormous disparity, unless it was intellectual promise, between the taxpayer's paying £40 for one boy and £400 for another? Could it be because at thirteen Dick showed promise of leadership or because a boarding-school, it was felt, might be good for Tommy? And why, in a modern democracy, artificially perpetuate an *élite*?

To these questions there were no answers, only a reminder that no new principle of taxation was involved. Between the Scylla of the Exchequer and the Charybdis of Socialist reason bearing on our national institutions, Sir John steered a skilful course.

The young man of the future was once more in our minds when Lieut.-General Sir Brian Horrocks described 'The British Soldier of Tomorrow'. Here was a talk which lulled us, for a moment, into forgetting the potential horrors of nuclear warfare. The swashbuckling days of war might not yet be over. The battlefield would be huge; small bodies of men, armed with atomic missiles, would roam over it. They must be easily deployed; they must possess the stealth of poachers; they must read the country like a book. Battles would not be static. The officers would once again resemble the Hannibals and Napoleons of the past. There would be great captains of war. All would depend on their split-second decisions. It was the general with a touch of genius who would win our future wars. Win? For a few minutes the vision of the poachers and the Hannibals burnt brightly and then the nuclear horror, 'a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night', returned.

Here were two aspects of the future; the Third Programme supplied another. It was called 'The Clock Paradox'. *Radio Times* explained it in human terms: would a person returning from a journey through space find himself younger than his twin brother who had remained on earth? The discussion between the Emeritus Professor and Professor of Mathematics at King's College, London, was more technical. Phrases like 'relativity of acceleration' were bandied. Professor Dingle claimed all motion was relative; Professor Bondi claimed only some motion was relative. Professor Dingle did not have his Einstein in the studio but thought Professor Bondi was confusing the General Theory of Relativity with Einstein's Theory of Gravitation.

I am not a mathematician. This clash of arms, like the cause of battle between Tweedledum and Tweedledee, passed my comprehension. But an exchange between experts can be stimulating. Space travel is popular. I would still insist, as I did two weeks ago, that an intelligent treatment of a subject of contemporary interest is the proper role for a Third Programme. But could it not be stated in more human terms and made more comprehensible to a large audience? An expert too often appears, like Tweedledee, to fold up his umbrella with himself inside it.

HAROLD BEAVER

MUSIC

The Hallé at Edinburgh

THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL has often found difficulty in getting away from a flying start. After the solemn consecration in St. Giles' Cathedral, the sabbatarian capital has tended to look askance at proposals for anything really festive in the evening. Even Beethoven's Mass in D was on one occasion considered unsuitable, on doctrinal grounds. So the opening concert has tended, like all compromises, to be rather colourless and insufficient to raise the temperature to Festival fervour.

This year the problem was easily and satisfactorily solved by devoting the opening concert to the celebration of Elgar's centenary. Appropriately the orchestra engaged was the Hallé which also completes its hundredth year next January, and which gave the first performance of the main work in the programme, the Symphony in A flat, under Hans Richter's direction nearly half that century ago.

Sir John Barbirolli is a staunch Elgarian, who can reveal the eloquence of Elgar's music without lapsing into rhetorical overemphasis. Some of his tempi in the Symphony seemed open to question. Should the introductory *Andante*, that double statement of the great chorale tune that is immanent throughout the rest of the work, be taken *Adagio*? The conductor's reply may be that that is how he feels it. At any rate he maintained the rhythmic tension so that it never dragged. Then there were passages in the scherzo and in the finale that were whirled along at a tremendous pace. Here, again, the music did not become inarticulate, because the orchestra managed to play the notes clearly even at this speed, but would it not have sounded even better if taken a shade slower?

Still, this was a noble performance fully worthy of the occasion, and, whatever doubts one may feel about the musical quality and architecture of the first and last movements, the linked Scherzo and *Adagio* is one of the most beautiful and profoundly moving pieces of music composed in this century.

The concert opened with a brilliant performance of the 'Cockaigne' Overture which gave the Festival a lively and at the same time a sumptuous start. Then Janos Starker played the Violoncello Concerto, that quintessence of the Elgarian 'tone of voice', with a sensibility of phrasing and a withdrawn beauty of tone, not rich and sensuous, nor yet cold, that brought out all the heart-ache of this tragic work. Few foreign musicians have pierced so surely to the heart of Elgar's music, Barbirolli, who has in the past played the solo, accompanied to perfection, allowing Starker room to expand his phrases, an advantage that he never abused. In the second movement the conductor might with advantage have taken a similar liberty himself, for the orchestra's reply to the violoncello's *largamente* phrase surely needs a similar, though not equal expansion in the last bar, for all that the phrase is marked *a tempo*. My impression is that Elgar himself used to make a slight *ritenuto* and I am surprised he did not put his characteristic 'A' over this bar.

The Hallé Orchestra's second concert, in which they were joined by the Hallé Choir, was a less happy event. On paper perhaps, the programme looked well, with its contrast of Stravinsky's austere 'Symphony of Psalms' and Brahms' 'German Requiem'. In effect, it was ill-balanced and not very well performed. Stravinsky's symphony cannot sound too stark, and starkness is not greatly to Sir John Barbirolli's taste, as appeared also in the second movement of Brahms' Requiem, whose rhythm should be like iron entering into our souls. The choral singing was disappointing, the men's

voices being particularly weak. Two good soloists, Lois Marshall and Heinz Rehfuss, and some good orchestral playing did not make up for these deficiencies.

Another and very different 'Requiem', Verdi's, was broadcast from the Albert Hall on Thursday, and it is a long time since I have heard a better performance of it. The Royal Choral Society and the B.B.C. Choral Society and Symphony Orchestra sang and played not only with tremendous fire but with great beauty of tone and attention to detail, so that the quieter passages came off no less well than the great

climaxes. Sir Malcolm Sargent had obviously taken enormous trouble to get everything right and most scrupulously observed the markings in the score. If there was a slip on the part of one of the trumpets in the introduction to 'Tuba mirum', I have never heard the choral sopranos' entry in that movement, too often obliterated by the fanfares, come through so clearly. The solo quartet (Gré Brouwenstijn, Maureen Forrester, Walter Midgley and Scott Joynt) may not have been at all points the ideal voices Verdi had in mind, but their singing was always musical and, again, respected the composer's markings. The

ensembles had evidently been carefully rehearsed, and were sung with better balance than we sometimes hear.

On Mme. Callas' somnambulism and Miss Sciutti's clandestine marriage I propose to reserve comment until next week, when I hope to have experienced these and other delights in the King's Theatre, Edinburgh. Meanwhile it was good to hear, even at a distance, Clara Haskil's beautifully controlled and very musicianly playing of Sonatas by Mozart and Beethoven last Friday morning.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

The Musical Analysis of Music

By HANS KELLER

The first demonstration of wordless 'functional analysis' will be broadcast at 9.50 p.m. on Saturday, September 7 (Third Programme)

THE term 'functional analysis' covers a growing theory and a fairly full-grown practice. Both are 'about' the unifying functions of music, inasmuch as these are not self-evident. In effect, therefore, functional analysis is concerned with the unity of contrasts.

The theoretical side need not detain us long in the present context, which is emphatically practical. Functional analysis may be said to have started life with my chapter in *The Mozart Companion* (edited by H. C. Robbins Landon and Donald Mitchell, 1956); it developed in concurrent and subsequent contributions to *The Music Review* and *Tempo*. While, from the outset, the accent lay on analytic practice, theoretical implications inevitably emerged. I hope to give a tolerably complete account of what is becoming a theory of unity in a book on criticism on which I am working. Meanwhile, there is one fundamental theoretical assumption which may be of interest in view of the forthcoming broadcast: contrasting themes and movements in a masterpiece are but different aspects of a single, demonstrable basic idea.

The practical side of functional analysis is *musical analysis par excellence*: ideally, it dispenses with all extra-musical means of communication. You can, to be sure, express the application of this analytic method in words and symbols. But preferably you simply play it, which is what is going to happen on September 7, when, under the title 'The Unity of Contrasting Themes', Mozart's String Quartet in D minor (K.421) will be subjected to an entirely wordless functional analysis. My analytic score, which is continuous, is itself written for string quartet, with percussive hand-clapping and bow-tapping at two stages of rhythmical analysis. The broadcast starts with the first movement of the quartet. The played analysis follows immediately. On its way, it comes to include the complete middle movements, and finally runs into the last movement, with whose performance the programme ends. In other words, the four movements are linked by analytic intermezzos which demonstrate the most important unifying elements both within and between the movements.

The analytic score is so constructed that its continuity is interrupted at one point in the middle, in order to make room for a silent interval of three minutes, during which the more critical type of listener may feel inclined to discuss, or reflect upon, the demonstration. Relaxation apart, it is perhaps desirable that he should be offered this opportunity to adopt a provisional attitude towards the experiment,

favourable or unfavourable, as the case may be. If he had to wait until the end of the programme, some of his mental notes might get lost.

The score of K.421 can likewise be consulted during the interval. During the actual performance, it will not be of much use, except when the complete movements are played. But there is no intrinsic need to have the score at hand: in this wordless form, functional analysis is a purely acoustic communication. The interval occurs after the unity between the slow movement and the minuet has been analysed, and the minuet played in full. After the interval, the analytic score proceeds to resume the minuet from the standpoint of both its internal unity and its relation to the remaining movements.

There is nothing esoteric about functional analysis except music, which is esoteric to the unmusical. The purely musical method, that is to say, cuts straight across the sometimes unbearable divisions between musicologists and musicians, professionals and amateurs, music critics and music lovers. The whole problem of technical language is side-tracked. So far as the aim of functional analysis is concerned, the listener need never have heard of a first and second subject. (For that matter, Mozart never knew the German equivalents of these terms either.) He is just invited to listen: he need not 'think' in the abstract sense of the word; he is not asked to 'keep in mind' anything whatsoever.

The analytic score should in fact be far easier to understand than Mozart's own, for the simple reason that it is supposed to bring Mozart's background unity to the fore. Those who understand the quartet have sensed this unity anyway, and all the analytic score does for them is to articulate their own understanding by way of music. A hidden 'intervention' (permutation) of the notes or degrees of a phrase, a hidden diminution or augmentation of a rhythmic configuration which would take pages fully to explain, can be made absolutely clear within a matter of seconds. If anything does not make sense to the musical listener, it is my fault, not his.

All conceptual thought about music is a detour, from music *via* terms to music, whereas functional analysis proceeds direct from music *via* music to music. It seems, moreover, that in the course of its further development, functional analysis will prove itself capable of conquering a far wider field now occupied by conceptual methods than might be assumed in view of my first analytic score which, as an initial experiment, I have kept as short and elementary as possible. *Mutatis mutandis*, the primitivity of the

method here employed corresponds to that of Schönberg's twelve-tone method in the Petrarch sonnet from his *Serenade* (1923), where the row rotates untransposed and without mirror forms. (I am not presuming to compare merits!) One could, of course, easily write an analytic score which, without sacrificing clarity, would yield a more complete picture of the background unity involved. But venturing further afield, it should also be possible to replace a verbal stylistic study by functional analysis: the analytic score would show the unity—and thus, by implication, the diversity—of a composer's style in different works.

Even negative music criticism might avail itself of the method. Simple defects in a composition could be analysed by way of correction. In more complex cases, the analytic score would throw into relief the unintended consequences of an error of creative judgement—an ensuing misunderstanding, an inconsistency, a break in continuity, a textural obscurity, and so forth. The critic writing such an analytic score would be compelled by his task to realise the composer's intentions in the first place, and much pseudo-criticism would go by the board—though it cannot be gainsaid that the risk of badly composed analytic scores might become considerable.

* * *

'Situation vacant. Secretary wanted. Short-hand typing, French, German essential'. A young lady applied. 'How is your shorthand typing?' asked the interviewer. 'Not too good'. 'French?' 'Weak'. 'German?' 'Not a word'. 'Might I ask, then, why you have called?' 'I just wanted to tell you that I didn't want the job'. Similarly, if perhaps with a little more justification, I have just come to explain to the reader that, wider implications apart, there is nothing to explain about the details of the analytic broadcast. This point itself, however, cannot be made too strongly. Where the pure, musical application of functional analysis does not explain itself, it fails. Its success, on the other hand, may eventually mean the twilight of twaddle.

The 1957-8 season of B.B.C. Symphony Concerts at the Royal Festival Hall opens on Wednesday, October 16. The prospectus is available from the Hall and usual agents. Booking for each concert opens one month before its date.

* * *

A Brief History of the National Gallery, written by Michael Levey, Assistant Keeper, with a foreword by the Director, Sir Philip Hendy, has been published by Pitkin Pictorials, price 2s. 6d., in their 'Pride of Britain' series. It is illustrated in black and white, and may be obtained at the Gallery or from booksellers.

For the Housewife

Cleaning and Enamelling Baths

By BARRY BUCKNELL

I HAVE received many questions from listeners asking how to remove persistent rust marks on baths, and the lime deposits which show up particularly on coloured baths. The most important thing is to check these marks early, when a mildly abrasive cleaner is usually sufficient. You should not use anything that feels gritty when you rub it between your fingers. If this fails, you can try a strong, neat detergent or vinegar.

The trouble with using stronger acids and chemicals is that, apart from the danger in using them, there is always the possibility that they will remove the glaze from the enamel and make matters worse. Once this has happened, stains may really eat into the enamel, and then one must face the fact that they are likely to be pretty difficult to deal with.

There are complaints that you cannot get a bath that is in really bad condition re-enamelled by the manufacturers. This is true, for it costs the manufacturers almost as much to recondition a bath as to make a new one. And several listeners ask whether you can repaint a bath, and if so how. You can paint a bath, but the new finish is unlikely to be as hard as the original one, and you should take special precautions. First, make sure you are using a suitable

enamel because many bath enamels are not recommended for baths which are vitreous enamelled.

Unless yours is a very old bath, it is almost certain to be vitreous enamelled. Next make sure the bath is free from rust and grease. You must give the enamel the best possible key by rubbing down the original enamel very thoroughly with medium wet and dry sandpaper. Keep wetting the sandpaper as you rub down. If you go through to the metal anywhere you will need to paint the bare metal with a metal primer first. Make sure the bath is dry. Hang tins under the taps if there is the slightest tendency to drip. Then put on the special undercoat, painting across the bath, starting at one end and finishing at the other. Give the undercoat twenty-four hours or so to dry and then put on the finishing coat. Leave this to harden for seven to ten days.

Many people believe that immediately the paint is dry you should fill the bath with water—and in fact I read this in a recent book on the subject. But paint manufacturers do not recommend this and do their best to discourage it. When you begin using the bath again I suggest you should always start running in the cold water first; that is a good idea anyway because

you will not have nearly as much condensation in the bathroom.—Home Service

Notes on Contributors

ANDREW SHONFIELD (page 295): on the editorial staff of *The Financial Times*

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR BRIAN HORROCKS, K.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., M.C. (page 296): General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, British Army of the Rhine, 1948; General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Western Command, 1946

ELY DEVONS (page 298): Robert Ottley Professor of Applied Economics, Manchester University, since 1948; author of *Planning in Practice*, etc.

HESKETH PEARSON (page 307): author of *Beerbohm Tree—His Life and Laughter*, *The Man Whistler*, *G.B.S.—A Postscript*, *The Last Actor-Managers*, *Gilbert and Sullivan*, etc.; his *Life of W. S. Gilbert* will be published in the autumn

G. W. LAMBERT, C.B. (page 308): President of the Society for Psychical Research; Assistant Under-Secretary of State for War, 1938-51

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY (page 318): Assistant Director of the Institute of Contemporary Arts; author of *Nine Abstract Artists*

Crossword No. 1,422.

Find the Link.

By Vectis

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, September 5. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

In each clue are definitions or synonyms of or pointers to two words (the number of letters in each is given in parentheses). The light is a word which links these—although not necessarily in the order they appear.

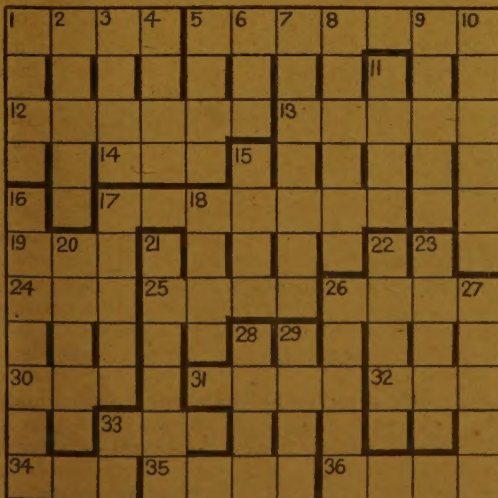
CLUES—ACROSS

1. What made the hide warp? (4, 6)
5. Preserve with salt—the stuff you throw over your shoulder! (4, 4)
12. Influential person of an ancient empire (5, 5)
13. Of exalted quality but suitable for warfare (4, 7)
14. The barometer falls? Must be a tumbler! (5, 5)
17. Engrave with lines in a clandestine kind of way (5, 6)
19. Just a bowl—hollow, of course! (4, 3)
24. I must write a short letter to my darling (in a colloquial manner of speaking) (4, 5)
25. Not long been put in the programme (5, 4)
26. Run made on a single tack from beginning to end (3, 7)
30. Whilst angling for a dance... (7, 4)
31. ... he received a slap (but 'twas not hard!) (3, 4)
32. Slang money container (3, 3)
33. Comfortable way to be far above the ground (4, 4)
- 34 & 33R. Only a cynic would find this matrimonial alliance sour (5, 4)
35. Represented a liberal (7, 9)
36. Adulterate what is gilded (6, 6)

DOWN

1. Spectators at a sporting event give forth with this melody (4, 3)
2. The cry of a stag at rutting time may prove to be erroneous (4, 5)
3. Fuel from the area of operation (4, 5)
4. Oh, what a divine sentry! (8, 5)
5. Club for the burial of the dead (6, 7)
6. Proven innocent yet still depressed (5, 3)

7. Part of a ship on which was found a wife in song (6, 5)
8. It could hardly be called flattery to be found in a book recording boundaries etc. of land of private person! (6, 7)
9. How they toil as they cleanse and thicken cloth! (4, 7)
10. That's the end of my personal belongings! (5, 5)
11. How much should be paid for a small heap of hay? (6, 4)

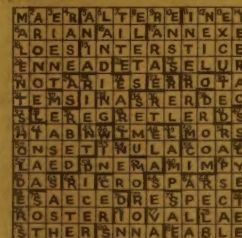


NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

15. Support on hinges what you wish to suspend (4, 4)
16. This dish is generally boiled, steamed or baked with the slightest trace of flavouring! (7, 6)
17. Fix firmly but keep it unsoiled (6, 5)
18. Criticize severely that piece of ground adjoining the home (5, 6)
20. Idle talk heard at the cock-fight (3, 4)
21. This sack is seen in the Milky Way—and worn on the head! (4, 3)
22. Oh, the bravery of the soprano singing an octave lower in pitch! (7, 6)
23. Carve the clear, transparent mineral (3, 7)
26. Information for those who engrave (4, 5)
27. Plant for a body of believers (3, 4)
28. Children's game played mostly on land belonging to the community (4, 6)
29. Address to this road (5, 6)
33. See 34 across

Solution of No. 1,420



NOTES

Game—Across: 1. nag, 5. cat, 11. teg, 15. barb, 16R. camel, 18. cat, 21R. cur, 27. ox, 33R. cub, 34R. ape, 36R. hart, 38R. dog, 40. ai, 41. yak, 47. ram, 50. ure, 55. mouse, 61. otter, 62. doe, 64R. eland, 76. rat, 77. ass, 78. stag, 79. cow, 80R. ounce, 81. rat.

Down: 1. vole, 3. bull, 5. cat, 7. rat, 10. ure, 11. gnu, 13. sable, 24R. capul, 25. ape, 26. hen, 28R. buck, 30R. ermine, 34R. ass, 35R. ape, 36. boar, 37. hare, 39. ai, 42. marten, 44R. dam, 46. elk, 48R. nag, 49. ass, 51. lion, 54. ass, 55R. genet, 56. rat, 64. dingo, 65. lamb, 67R. cat, 68R. cob, 70. pig, 71. sow, 73R. rache.

Across: 27. 'Over the sticks', 34R. Vaughan, 'The Seed Growing Secretly', 43R. Beauty of Bath apple, 53. Hidden, 57R. Deal-bate, 60. Mim-bar, 64R. Disraeli, Speech (1843), 66. Spars (cam), 76. Ratio-ns.

Down: 2R. Leonora No. 3 overture to 'Fidelio' (hidden in reverse), 12R. A-lien, 13. 'Antony and Cleopatra', III iv 2. 63. Sas-senac-h.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: P. H. Taylor (Newbold-on-Stour); 2nd prize: P. R. Ansell (Solihull); 3rd prize: Lady Harington (London, N.W.3)

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To John A. Winstone, Dir., THE CLASSICS CLUB,
127 Kensal Road, London, W.10

I wish to join the Classics Club "on trial" for one month only without cost or obligation whatever. I want (strictly on approval) to listen to the records I have marked, in the privacy of my own home, and to judge for myself whether they are the equal in all regards to full-price records sold through normal methods of distribution.

I enclose Cheque/P.O. for 14/11 for each record marked. If I am not delighted my money will be refunded unconditionally by return of post.

Name (Block Letters Only)

Address

BEETHOVEN	
MOZART	
BACH	
HAYDN	
MENDELSSOHN	
TCHAIKOVSKY	